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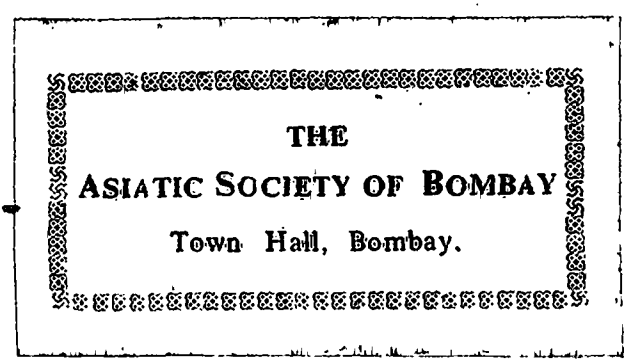

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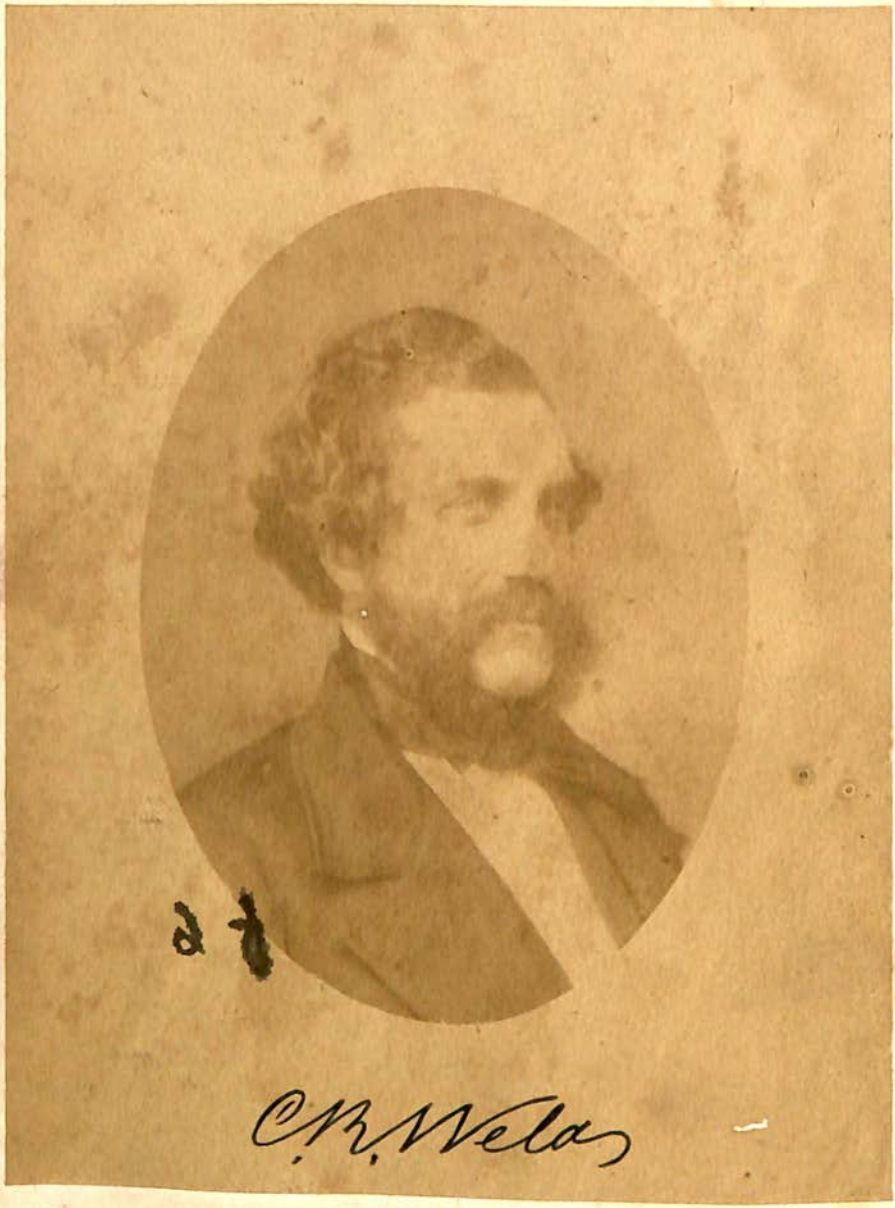

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NOTES

ON

BURGUNDY.

58737
a.c

BY

CHARLES RICHARD. WELD.

EDITED BY HIS WIDOW

LONDON:
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1869.

00058737

TO

MY BROTHER-IN-LAW,

THE REV. CHARLES TURNER,

THIS VOLUME

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

In order that this volume may not be criticised for its shortcomings, or any inaccuracies it may contain, it is but justice to the memory of its Author to state, that it was prepared for the press from his rough manuscript, the greater portion of which was written in short-hand, and difficult to decipher. The reader will therefore, I trust, judge it leniently.

Farringford, Freshwater, Isle of Wight:
July 17, 1869.

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Portrait to face the title page.

MEMOIR.

THE wishes of some of my friends have induced me to write a sketch of the life of my late husband to accompany this posthumous volume. As they who cared for him may be interested in learning that some of his forefathers, like himself, delighted in science and literature, I have been tempted to give a brief account of his family by way of introduction to the memoir.

Charles Richard Weld,* born at Windsor in the year 1813, was descended from an ancient Roman Catholic family of that name settled at Lulworth Castle, Dorsetshire. In the reign of Elizabeth, one of its members, the Rev. Thomas Weld, embraced the tenets of the Protestant Church in England, and became eventually rector of Gateshead in Durham, and Terling in Essex; but having afterwards sided with the Independents, and being consequently unable to conform strictly to the mode of worship and church government as established by the State, he did not long retain these preferments. The laws

* The name of Charles was given him on account of his father's friendship with the great statesman Charles James Fox.

passed against nonconformists being at that time, as is well known, very severe, and strictly enforced, Thomas Weld, rather than abandon his principles, resigned his two livings, and emigrated to North America, where some of his descendants may still be found. His son, the Rev. Edmund Weld, returned to England in Cromwell's time, accompanied the Protector to Ireland in the capacity of chaplain, and settled in 1660 at Blarney Castle, county Cork. The family was about this period possessed of considerable estates in Ireland.

Isaac Weld, the father of the subject of the present memoir, was twice married; first in 1773 to Elizabeth Kerr, and secondly in 1812 to Lucy, only daughter of Eyre Powell, of Great Connell, Kildare. Up to 1824 he held a lucrative Government appointment in Dublin, and was on terms of intimacy with many of the great and distinguished men of his day. His son by the first marriage—who bore in common with him the name of Isaac, from Sir Isaac Newton, who had stood godfather to an ancestor—was afterwards well known in the scientific and literary circles of the time. His 'Travels in North America and Canada' in 1795–7, and his work entitled 'Illustrations of the Scenery of Killarney and the Surrounding Country,' published by Mr. Longman in 1807, are monuments of his great artistic talent, and of his refined and highly cultivated mind.

Charles Richard Weld was the only surviving

issue of the second marriage, which was contracted when Isaac Weld was far advanced in years. The family of his wife, who at the period of her marriage was still in her prime, was a branch of the Powells of Park, near Oswestry, Shropshire,—the oldest manor in England. Burke, in his 'Dictionary of Landed Gentry,' derives the descent of the family from the princes of Wales, the Ap Howels, one of whom reigned about the year 1000. A branch of the race settled in Ireland in the reign of King John; and the ruins of some old castles built by them are still to be seen in the county of Clare. But castles and lands have long passed away, as the owners were attainted in the sixteenth century for rebellion, having become more Irish than the Irish themselves.

The branch from which Charles Weld was descended received large grants of land in the counties of Limerick and Tipperary, and also the fisheries of the river Shannon from Limerick to Portumna. A great grand-uncle of Charles Weld, Colonel Thomas Eyre, member for Fore in the Irish Parliament, died on the floor of the House of Commons in the year 1772, having broken a blood-vessel while in vehement discussion. Strange to say, about the same time a brother of his met a similar fate. Colonel Eyre's brother, known by the name of 'Skelper' Eyre, was Governor of Galway. An order that gave him umbrage having issued from the Castle of Dublin,

he mounted horse at Eyre Court Castle, county Galway, and rode 'hot foot' eighty miles to Dublin, where he demanded an immediate audience from the Lord-Lieutenant. An altercation ensuing, the Governor got into a rage, and dropped down dead, booted, spurred, and covered with the mud of his last ride.

An uncle of Charles Weld, Captain George Powell, was said by Nelson to be one of the bravest boys he ever saw. Whilst still a youngster, he together with two brother middies made their escape from a French prison. The romantic incidents of their flight from the close pursuit of the enemy are only to be equalled in the annals of the great Continental war, by the well-known and far-famed story of O'Brien. Another of his uncles led two forlorn hopes in Martinique during the wars with France. A third fought a duel with a brother officer, which is recorded among the celebrated duels of that time. The duel was witnessed from the park wall by a young and beautiful viscountess, who, on seeing her lover receive the death wound, sprang down from a great height, and flung herself beside the dying man, whom she watched till life departed, whilst the crowd of bystanders cheered and chaired the survivor. What a strange picture this affords of the state of society (at all events in Ireland) about the time of Charles Weld's birth!

In 1820, when he was seven years old, he accom-

panied his parents to France, in which country they lived for several years, residing principally in a château near Dijon. It was with deep interest that, during the tour which forms the subject of this volume, and just before the close of his life, he revisited the haunts so familiar to him in his boyhood; but he found the veil impenetrable that time had cast over the memory of those once well-loved scenes.

On their return to England, his parents took up their abode for a time in North Wales. In 1824, when he was eleven years of age, he had the misfortune to lose his father, and not very long after his only paternal uncle, who died suddenly in the Tower, when on a visit to a noble friend who was confined there as a state prisoner. The loss of these two relatives had no slight influence on Charles Weld's after career; henceforth he had to depend in a great measure on his own exertions and abilities to make his way in the world, although friends were not wanting to help him in obtaining occupations, which, had they been better suited to his tastes, might ultimately have put him in possession of considerable wealth.

It was not until 1839, when he was elected Assistant Secretary to the Statistical Society of London, that he found himself in an atmosphere more congenial to him. It must not, however, be forgotten that he spent many years of his early life at Ravenswell, near Dublin, the home of his half-brother,

Isaac Weld. To have enjoyed the society of such a man—for his was a most highly cultivated mind —was a privilege which falls to the lot of few, and compensated in no slight degree for the educational disadvantages under which, from unfortunate circumstances, he had laboured.

Some of the happiest days of his childhood were spent at the residence of his half-sister, Mrs. Leacock, at Pondwell near Ryde in the Isle of Wight. On one occasion, when visiting her, as he was heedlessly running on the pier at Ryde, which was then in course of repair, he fell through a gap made by the displacement of some planks, and was precipitated on the sharp pebbles beneath, the tide being, at the time, very low. Although not seriously injured by the fall, he frequently suffered throughout life from the effects of it, especially from a weakness in the upper part of the spine, which, when he was called upon to exert himself in any unusual degree, became painful. To this accident he attributed the stooping attitude which was habitual to him, though it was doubtless considerably aggravated by the sedentary nature of his pursuits.

In 1834 he lost his mother. Her death occurred suddenly in a most distressing manner — fright occasioned by her son receiving a severe bite in the arm from an infuriated dog being the cause. Great was his grief at this lamentable bereavement, but time brought its soothing influence.

In 1836 he went to the Continent, making what

was formerly entitled the Grand Tour, in company with his friend John (afterwards Sir John) Potter; they spent more than a year in visiting the chief towns and places of interest in Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Sicily, &c. From this date Charles Weld seldom failed to spend two months of every year in making an excursion, either in the British Isles or in foreign lands. His power of observation, and the facilities which from his position he enjoyed of obtaining access to all the institutions, libraries, &c., in the Continental cities which he visited, enabled him to turn these journeys to the best account.

One of his labours whilst at the Statistical Society was to compile a statistical companion, which he did in connection with C. T. Banfield; it first appeared as a 'Companion to the Pocket Book,' and afterwards he continued with his friend to publish it for many years in a more enlarged form.

In 1842 he married Anne, second daughter of Henry Sellwood (who was of an old Berkshire family), by whom he had one daughter, Agnes Grace, born in 1849. He studied law at the Middle Temple, and was called to the bar in 1844. In 1845 he was appointed assistant-secretary and librarian to the Royal Society, which post he continued to hold until the year 1861. His knowledge of science was considerable, though he did not devote himself to the study of any special branch of it. His first important literary

undertaking was a 'History of the Royal Society;' on which he bestowed a great amount of pains and labour. Humboldt, in a letter addressed to him, which is now in the possession of the writer of this Memoir, praises the work in the highest terms. It was esteemed by many other competent judges to be a valuable addition to our literature.

In Arctic matters Charles Weld always took the deepest interest. On this subject he delivered from time to time several interesting lectures; the latest of these lectures was given to a large audience at the Bath Institution the week before his death. In 1848 he published his first volume of 'Travels in Auvergne, Piedmont, and Savoy,' and its success led him to prepare in various subsequent years several interesting works of similar character, so that it has been justly said of him by a literary contemporary, 'that he was one of the pioneers of modern tourists.' In 1855 appeared 'A Vacation in the United States and Canada.' It was somewhat remarkable that his half-brother Isaac Weld should have, forty years previously, made the same tour, and published his well-known volume of travels, which was at the time translated into many European languages.

'A Vacation Tour in Brittany' was published in 1856; 'A Vacation in Ireland' in 1858; 'The Pyrenees, East and West' in 1859; 'The Highlands, Orcadia, and Skye' in 1860; 'A Winter in Rome' in 1865; 'Florence the New

Capital of Italy' in 1867. But the great bulk of his writings consisted in his frequent contributions to *Fraser*, and other periodicals.

He was engaged in the philosophical department of the Exhibition of 1862, and afterwards in the Paris Exhibition of 1867. His report on the 'Philosophical Instruments and Apparatus for Teaching Science,' and another 'Report on Clocks and Watches,' appeared in the *Illustrated News* for October of the same year.

He had a high appreciation for the works of our poets, especially those of his brother-in-law, Alfred Tennyson, and he had himself some powers of versification. The last lines he penned were written on the occasion of the death of Philip Meadows Taylor, a very aged relative for whom he had always entertained a strong attachment; they bear date April 1868, and close with the following lines:—

Then, in the season when the earth upsprings
From the deep slumber of the winter time,
We bore thee to the chambers of the dead.
A quick'ning life stirr'd all the ground around
Fresh leaves and flowers deck'd the smiling earth,
The trees were starr'd with blossoms, and the birds,
True to their instinct and returning Spring,
Sang songs of joy from every brake and spray.
Oh! seeing all this beauty as I stood
Beside thy grave, and thought, alas! to us
He will awake no more; oh, never more,
In this terrestrial world, be seen again
By those who lov'd him through long changing years,—

Feelings came o'er me, full of hope as those
Fair blossoms which give promise of rich fruit;
And as those blessed words which we had heard,
(Ere we had laid thee in thy peaceful grave,)
Tell us of that most mighty mystery,
'We shall not sleep, but we shall all be changed,'
And no one in the image of his God
Is gather'd into death without a dawn,—
So took I comfort; that the dawn to thee
Will be as glorious as the sun that breaks
The winter's gloom, making the fair earth rich
With fruits, and flowers, and harvests good for man.

Those who enjoyed the friendship of Charles Weld will recall as a feature in his character his remarkable liking for dogs. Although so much of his life was spent in crowded cities, he was seldom without one of these faithful friends and companions; the most wild and savage of their tribe would be gentle and caressing towards him. It may perhaps seem singular that, with his social habits and his active turn of mind, he should still have been a true disciple of Walton. He was never so happy as when with rod in hand he followed the course of some beautiful stream. This ardent love for angling, which seemed as it were to be part of his very nature, led him beside many waters, and into lovely lands, where his fruitful pencil was ever ready to lend a charm and a zest to his wanderings. The last two years of his life were spent in the neighbourhood of Bath. There, as elsewhere, his active and inquiring turn of mind and his social habits secured him the society of many delightful and

valued friends. He took the most lively interest in the proceedings of the Bath Literary and Scientific Institution, always attending its meetings, and frequently himself contributing papers.

In August 1868, he visited some friends in the Highlands of Scotland, joining with them in their sporting excursions. It was during this visit that he had his first alarming attack of illness; he, however, so quickly recovered from it, that he was enabled in the course of a few days to undertake the journey home. After a fortnight's rest he started for his tour in Burgundy, from which he returned home at the latter end of September. Shortly after this trip he suffered so much from palpitations of the heart, that he was persuaded to consult his medical attendant, Mr. Gore, who told him that if he would continue to over-exert himself the results might be serious. It was, however, impossible to persuade him to take the necessary care of himself. In January 1869, contrary to Mr. Gore's advice, he delivered a lecture at the Bath Institution, to a crowded audience. This exertion was followed by a second alarming attack, which was borne with the utmost patience and resignation. The remedies applied quickly brought relief. In the course of a few hours he was enabled to resume his accustomed occupations and intercourse with his friends, which he may be said to have enjoyed nearly to his latest breath. Only a few days, however, elapsed between this second and the third

and final attack, when, in the midst of his literary labours, preparing the manuscript for this volume, he was, as it were in a moment, called to his rest. Without a murmur, and almost without a struggle, his spirit passed away.

A. W.

FARRINGFORD: *July* 17, 1869.

NOTES ON BURGUNDY.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

Letter of Introduction—My Friend's House—Pleasant Surprise—My Host's Mother — Cap of Liberty — Gardens on Walls — Bravery of the Beaunois — Braying of Trumpets — 'Ban de la Vendange'—Boiling with Vermin —Vineyards, and Wine — No Happiness without Vin de Beaune—Louis XI.—Arms of Beaune—Juice of the Grape—Cellars—'Morcellements'—Mont Blanc—Tasting Cup—'Pot pourri'—Burgundians Vulpivorous—Insects Excommunicated.

'PERMIT ME to remind you of your promise to assist, as we say, at our vintage this year in Burgundy. I can hold out no promise of amusements such as Baden Baden, Homburg, and Spa offer; but, believing that you are indifferent to these—in which, unfortunately, our *demi-monde* is very conspicuous—I venture to think that our towns and châteaux will interest you. In the former you will see several vestiges of old Bur-

gundy, and in many of the latter I am sure you will meet with much hospitality, it being the custom of their proprietors to keep open house during the vintage. And with respect to the latter, I can assure you from personal observation, that it will be one of the most remarkable vintages that Burgundy has ever been blessed with. So, pray come. I shall be at my château near Beaune, early in September, and shall be delighted to receive you.'

So ran a letter to the writer from a French gentleman, who had kindly proposed, when we were working together in the Paris Exhibition of 1867, that I should visit him in Burgundy last autumn. And who, being free to choose a holiday, receiving such a letter, would not give it warm welcome, and respond to the invitation? Such was the course taken by the writer. True, Burgundy is not a far-distant country, where,

> Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,

a traveller might expect to meet with strange adventures, and see strange sights. But, though near our shores, Burgundy is not well known to us; and beyond the hills and plains, seen from the Paris and Lyons Railway, as travellers speed

through the Côte d'Or, few persons know the wine country, or the life of the dwellers in that soft and habitable land.

It was on a glorious afternoon in the last summer-like autumn, that I entered Burgundy. A Frenchman might, perhaps, correct me, and volunteer the information, that when, travelling south from Paris, the plains swell to hills, and the slopes are mantled by vines, it is not Burgundy you enter, but the department of the Yonne. But, however correct this may be, we have no time for the new topographical nomenclature of France. There is a charm in the very name of Burgundy. The collection of statistics may have been made easier since that province has been divided into departments, but it is only within France that the division is recognised. Thus you may be told that you have passed from the department of the low to that of the high Seine, but you will only be conscious that you are still in Normandy. With Lorraine, Burgundy, Champagne, Dauphiné, Provence, and Languedoc, we have crowds of historical memoirs and associations, and a Napoleon might as well attempt to obliterate the name of France itself, as to annihilate the names of those ancient provinces.

As evening fell I arrived at the Beaune railway-station, where my friend was waiting for me; and, having communicated the pleasing intelligence that the vintage had but just commenced, he conducted me to his château, where I met a warm welcome from the members of his family. It stands on the skirts of Beaune; a large manor-like house, containing more rooms than I ever became acquainted with; the windows framed by vines, the fruit of which—now in perfection—hung temptingly from the festooned branches in heavy purple and amber clusters. Beyond the courtyard was a large garden, full of fruit-trees and flowers; and pleasant surprises were skilfully contrived by the termination walls to many of the walks being covered by paintings of landscapes executed by members of my friend's family.

Life in such a château among charming companions could not be otherwise than agreeable, and I had not been an hour within its walls, before I came to the conclusion that here at least my lines had fallen in pleasant places. There was an almost entire absence of those conventionalities which frequently make existence in an English country house irksome. The luxuries met with in the latter do not generally exist in

a French château, but fortunately these are by no means necessary to happiness.

The mother of my friend—an old lady, whose lovely silver hair is in keeping with her four-score years—was a very sun to our social system. When present—and, though possessing her own rooms, she spent much of her time with us—she made all feel her genial influence. Her memory, though not clear on comparatively recent subjects, was wonderfully bright and fresh respecting those which occurred at the close of the last century. She remembered the great Revolution, and how it stirred the small town of Beaune. Her father held a high municipal office at that period. Though not a devoted Royalist, he was by no means in love with the Revolution and its chiefs. The old lady related, with evident enjoyment, that when the Revolutionary Committee sent a cap of Liberty to Beaune to be set up on the cathedral tower, her father, whose business it was to carry out the order, put it up in such a manner that a stiff breeze blew it down. 'But,' said she, 'though communication with Paris was very slow in those days, the intelligence that the cap was blown down reached the Revolutionary Committee in a wonderfully short time, and my father re-

ceived peremptory instructions to replace the cap, and to be sure to do so in such a manner that it would stand even against storms.' *

A walk through and round Beaune will recall associations long prior to the Revolution. The fine walls, still in excellent preservation, now, however, do far more pleasant duty than when required for fortification purposes. The bastions are turned into lovely gardens, which do not offend the worshipper of nature in her independence, for they are not formal nor trimmed, but run over with the bright colours of many flowers, shrubs, and trailing plants. Noble plane trees, with gigantic boles, shade the walls through half their circuit, and in the moat below various fruit trees flourish with amazing luxuriance. I never beheld larger Duchesse pears than were growing here, bending the branches on which they grew literally to the ground; and that they were as good as they seemed, I had pleasant evidence, as they appear with great credit in the desserts at Beaune.

* This cap, which consists of sheet-iron, painted red, is preserved in the Beaune Museum. It is about three feet in length, and broad in proportion. Similar caps were sent by the Revolutionary Committee to most of the French towns. Tallien's first revolutionary act at Bordeaux was to set one up on the cathedral tower of that city.

There is a story in almost every yard of these lichen-stained walls, and in the picturesque watch-towers, for they often played important parts in the wars of the Kings of France and the Dukes of Burgundy. Buchon tells us, in his 'Chroniques des ducs de Bourgogne,' how, when Burgundy became united to France, that Beaune, 'ne pouvant savourer le cavesson français, fut la première à regimber;' in other words, rebelled at the attempt to make it subject to the French crown, and so sturdily, that the town was only taken after a fierce siege of five weeks. And the compliment was paid to the Beaunois, that while the Parisians

> Dormez en cités bien couvers et repos
> Vous couchent aux champs toujours le fer au dos.

No sooner was the town taken, than the inhabitants were made to pay heavily for their obstinacy, in the form of barrels of their best wine, which were sent to Paris.

Were it not that, when I went to bed, no rumours of war, or what is worse—revolution, were flashed by telegraph to Beaune, I should certainly have come to the conclusion that the citizens of that town had suddenly sprung to arms

at a time when it was expected they would be asleep. For, ere dawn, I was aroused by the braying of many trumpets and horns, the shouting of many voices, and the hurrying to and fro of many feet in the streets. Sleep was impossible with such a *tapage*, so I left my couch in order to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. It was easily explained. The vintage in the Beaune district had been formally declared open on this day, and the noise was occasioned by the gathering of multitudes of peasants who were going forth at that early hour to distant vineyards. For many years, centuries indeed, a law called the *ban de la vendange* existed in France. By this law the vintage could not begin until the municipal authorities fixed the time for its commencement. The law was not entirely wise, because it is evident that, from difference of site, as well as from other causes, the grapes in one vineyard will mature more rapidly than those in another. At the same time, it is necessary to bear in mind that the eagerness of some vineyard proprietors, and especially those with small holdings, to realise their crop, will tempt them to gather their grapes prematurely and thus throw on the market inferior wine, to the detriment of the high repu-

tation borne generally by Burgundy wines. The great Revolution struck a heavy blow at this relic of feudality; and although the *ban de la vendange* was not entirely abolished at that period, it has now ceased to exist. In order, however, to prevent immature grapes being gathered, a Committee of the Beaune Agricultural Society undertakes the duty of visiting the vineyards around the town, and recommending at what date vintage should commence. This recommendation is, as a rule, acted on.

Thus the trumpet blasts, however warlike they may have sounded, were only the *réveille* of the vintagers. By four o'clock all the men and women engaged in vintaging were assembled. Then after a drink of weak wine, they went forth to their labour in apparently joyous mood, for the streets echoed their songs, which related, for the most part, to the vintage. Here is a stanza from one frequently sung, significant of unquiet nights :—

Nous allons en vendange
Pour gagner les sous,
Coucher sur la paille,
Ramasser des pieux !

and no wonder; for men and women, boys and

girls huddle together in barns and outhouses, seldom, as long as the vintage lasts, taking off their clothes or performing ablutions. And yet they appear vigorous and healthy. But vermin that prey on the human body do not appear to be so hurtful to the animal economy as might be supposed. Travellers in the south of Europe will remember how well mendicants look, although so swarming with vermin as to require frequent neighbourly hunting affairs, in the manner graphically portrayed by Pinelli; and the monks who were Thomas à Becket's companions before his murder, anxious for the eternal salvation of the archbishop, and apprehensive, from his appearance, that his corporal discipline was not sufficiently severe, were, we are told, in raptures, when, on removing his robes, after his death, a hair shirt was found next to his skin, which, in the expressive words of the Latin chronicle, was literally boiling with vermin, rendering it amazing how a human being could be alive, thus preyed on.

Fortunately my friend has business among the vineyards in the Côte d'Or; but, before visiting the most famous of these, we will devote a portion of our space to Burgundy wines generally. And we are the more disposed to do so, because

they are by no means as well known as they should be by us, in consequence of their having, very unjustly, acquired a reputation for heating the blood and provoking gout.

The vine may be said to be indigenous to Burgundy. Wild vines are still common in the forest districts. M. Duhamel du Monceau, an eminent authority on vine culture, enumerates fourteen varieties of vines natural to this province. But many more are grown in Burgundy. The celebrated collection of vines formed under the superintendence of the Linnean Society of Bordeaux, and preserved at Carbonnieux near that city, extends to 1056 varieties. A large proportion of these are French, and grown in Burgundy.* The principal vineyards, in this paradise of wine, are Clos Vougeot, Romanée Conti, Pomard, Nuits, Chambertin (Napoleon I.'s favourite wine), Corton, Beaune, and Volnay. By far the largest proportion of Burgundy wines are red. The de-

* Amongst the grapes of Burgundy, the Muscat deserves especial notice. This delicious species was introduced into France by René, Duke of Anjou, in the early part of the fifteenth century. There is a statue of René at Aix, which represents him holding in his right hand a bunch of the Muscat grape. This description attains to great perfection in parts of the Côte d'Or. It is, however, more in request for the table than for wine-making.

partment of Yonne produces, however, excellent white wines—Mont Rachet, pronounced by Parisian connoisseurs to be the finest of French white wines, Chablis, and others. Some resemble the Grave wines, but are more delicate. When the growers of these white wines in Burgundy heard that the monks of the Abbey of Ste.-Croix, near Bordeaux, were exporting their white wines of Carbonnieux to Turkey, as mineral water, they contrived to mystify the Mussulmans by a somewhat similar commercial operation, declaring their wine to be as good mineral water as that of Carbonnieux. And this was the opinion of the disciples of Mohammed, the white wine from Burgundy meeting with the same favour from them as had been accorded to that of the Ste.-Croix monks. The trade trick was of course seen through, but, as a wine merchant pertinently observed, 'it was surely better and kinder to pass off wine for water, than to give water for wine.'

But it is in red wines that Burgundy is truly great. They possess, in a most remarkable degree, fine colour, spirit, softness, and a delicious aroma. The Count de la Loyère, President of the Agricultural Society of the Côte d'Or, declares, as the result of his experience, that the labourers who

drink Burgundy consume one quarter less meat and bread than those who do not habitually drink this wine, and he adds that the inhabitants of Burgundy are singularly exempt from gout and kidney diseases.

The learned Erasmus, who appears to have been of Anacreon's opinion, that if

> With water you fill up your glass
> You will never write anything wise,

was extremely fond of Burgundy: a good draught of this generous liquor was, he declared, 'as new blood in his veins, quickening his pen into brightness and life.' He attributed the cure of his gastritis to Beaune wine, and was very desirous to live in that town, 'pour boire,' as he said, its 'vin sain et délicieux,' and apostrophising Burgundy he exclaims,—'Ah, Bourgogne, heureuse mère des hommes, que tes mamelles ont de bon lait!'

The Bretons, when desirous of doing honour to Duguesclin, presented him with a hogshead of Beaune wine, which the renowned warrior, says the Chronicler, accepted '*moult gracieusement.*' Popes and cardinals were, for many years, great consumers of Burgundy wines. Leo X. drank

papally of them. When Petrarch urged Urban V. to remove to Rome, his Holiness found the cardinals opposed to leaving Avignon. Demanding their reason, they replied, 'Il n'y a point de vin de Beaune en Italie, et sans vin de Beaune notre vie sera malheureuse.' They speak the truth, said Petrarch, for they adore it 'comme le nectar des dieux.' But the difficulty was got over. Beaune wine was sent across the Alps with the cardinals, and every year the papal cellars were replenished with it. And see how a jolly monk was inspired by the wines of the Côte d'Or.

Nous les boirons lentement,
Nous les boirons tendrement,
Ton Clos Vougeot, ton Romanée:
Par nous la sainte liqueur,
Qui nous réchauffe le cœur,
Ne sera jamais profanée.

Louis XIV. granted special privileges for the transport of the wines of Burgundy to Paris. But the monarch had especial reasons for acting thus liberally. During his convalescence, after a long illness, his physician Fagon ordered him to drink Burgundy, instead of Champagne. This medical judgment had the effect of bringing the wines of Beaune into fashion. This led to a fierce quarrel between Charles Coffin, the Poet Laureate

of Champagne, and Bénigne Grenan, the Burgundian Poet Laureate; and as the former could not obtain the satisfaction he desired, by attacking his adversary in verse, he proposed that they should fight with swords for their respective mistresses. But Grenan declined fighting, alleging that the honour accorded to Beaune wine by the king was quite sufficient to justify its renown. No wonder that the very arms of Beaune should reflect the vinous character of the town. Formerly these consisted of the figure of Bellona grasping a sword in her right hand. In the middle of the sixteenth century, Bellona gave place to the Virgin bearing the infant Jesus on her left arm, while the right hand holds a bunch of grapes. Beneath the Virgin was the motto *Causa nostræ lætitiæ.* But as many persons connected these words with the grapes rather than with the Virgin, the motto was changed to *orbis et urbis honos.*

Beaune has indeed been aptly called 'un univers de vignes,' and if you would see this little wine world to advantage, visit it during an abundant vintage. Good vintages are few and far between. 'Les sourires du bon Dieu sont rares,' said a small vineyard proprietor to me, and he added,

lifting his cap reverently, 'Dieu soit béni for His great mercy to us this year.' Authentic records state that during the sixty-five years, from 1801 to 1865, there have been but fourteen first-rate vintages in Burgundy. These were in 1802–3–6–11–19–22–25–34–42–46–49–54–57 and 65. The total average annual quantity of wine produced in Burgundy is 76,400,000 gallons. The prices of the new wine, at vintage time, range from 7*d.* per gallon—the commonest vin de pays—to 17*s.*, first case of Vougeot.

Wine is the fermented juice of the grape, pure and simple, and if anything else is added to it, the liquid is not, strictly speaking, wine. This sound axiom is happily carried into practice by the vignerons of Burgundy, who certainly do not brandy their wine. Asking a wine-maker in the Côte d'Or, whether he ever added brandy to the grape juice, he replied with considerable warmth, 'Mais, monsieur, c'est l'assassiner.' How different is this pure Burgundy from the Anglo-sherries and ports reared in spirits, and nursed to unnatural strength by chemists, who imitate, with more or less success, the growth of Spain and Portugal. So, if Burgundy be adulterated, the wicked process cannot be laid to the doors of even the smallest

propriétaires in Burgundy. They bear the character of being honest men, having a commendable pride in the high reputation enjoyed by the wines of their country, which they would not willingly tarnish by any wine-making tricks.* During the vintage, I visited many of these small *propriétaires.* All, with scarcely an exception, followed the most approved method of wine-making. The problem which vexes these 'little men' is that of fermentation, but the same may be said of their superiors in vineyard wealth, for although modern chemistry has been largely enlisted into the service of wine-making, little or nothing is still known concerning the temperature most suitable for fermentation. This, however, appears to be well

* The wine shops in Paris, which amounted at the beginning of last year to no less than 34,989, are frequently visited by twenty-eight inspectors, whose principal business it is to see that the wines sold are not adulterated. These inspectors are only appointed after having passed an examination in wine-tasting. Twelve samples of wines are placed before each candidate, who is not only expected to know the *cru* of each wine, but also to know how the wine is adulterated, and what are the principal ingredients used for this purpose; when the liquid is found impure or unwholesome it is thrown into the Seine. Heavy fines follow the detection of adulterated wines. Amusing enough is the record we find in the *City Chronicles*, of John Penrose, taverner of the parish of St. Leonard in Eastchepe, who, being found guilty of selling bad wine, was condemned by Adam de Bury, Lord Mayor, to drink a draught of it himself, to have the remainder poured over his head, and to give up his trade as a vintner.

established — the more promptly the operation is performed the better. In some wine districts in France, when the temperature is too low to admit of quick fermentation, heated iron bars are plunged into the vats.

When breakfasting one day at a château near Beaune, our host, who was a wine-grower on an extensive scale, was frequently obliged to leave the table, in order to superintend some nice points connected with fermentation. The operation of pressing the grapes is not unattended with danger. During my sojourn in Burgundy, a *propriétaire* residing in the faubourg of Ouche, fearing that the contents of his vat were not fermenting properly, descended into it without taking any precautions, and had not prompt assistance been rendered him, would undoubtedly have succumbed to the deleterious effects of the carbonic acid gas, generated, and exhaled in enormous quantities by the seething mass. About the same time a poor man, aged seventy, residing in Lyons, paid the penalty of death for his rashness; for, having entered the vat for the purpose of pressing the grapes, he was found shortly afterwards in a state of asphyxia. In the same city an upholsterer, who was attempting to make wine in

his back shop, was alarmed by hearing a sudden explosion. Fermentation had set in sooner than he expected, and was of so violent a nature as to burst in pieces the vat with a fearful report. Fortunately, on this occasion, no loss of life ensued.

As a rule, Burgundy, when properly pure, attains maturity in from five to twelve years, according to its quality. Beyond twelve years it does not improve by keeping, oxygen finding its way by endosmose through the casks, and even through the corks of the bottles. Recent experiments show that although wine deteriorates by long keeping, having a tendency to become sour, this may be averted by heating the wine to a temperature of about 140° Fahrenheit. The discovery was made by M. Pasteur, member of the Institute. He states that the process, which answers perfectly, has been adopted by several French wine-growers. The cost is very trifling, not exceeding 10 centimes the hectolitre (26·419 gallons).

It is a great mistake to suppose that Burgundy will not bear carriage to England. Properly bottled, it will not only bear it without injury, but the wine will keep in very good condition, provided the cellar containing it is sufficiently deep, and at a uniform temperature. Among the

numerous blunders committed in building our houses, is that of not making the cellars sufficiently deep to be proof against excessive fluctuations of temperature. It is sad to think how large a quantity of good wine is spoiled in England from this cause. In Michel Chevalier's 'Observations sur la production et conservation des Vins,' appended to the Reports on the Paris Exhibition of 1867, he says: 'Il est vraisemblable qu'une des causes pour lesquelles le vin de Bourgogne se gâte si facilement chez les Anglais, c'est que leurs maisons n'ont pas de caves profondes et voûtées comme les nôtres.' The difference between wine-cellars in France and England is indeed very remarkable, but wine is the drink of France,* and the most judicious measures are naturally taken to preserve it in good condition. The French proverb, 'un pieu de vin de Bourgogne vaut plus qu'un sac de farine,' possesses considerable truth, this wine being, as a rule, more *robust* than the wines of Bordeaux. The writer is satisfied, that Burgundy only requires to be better known than it is, to be more extensively patronised

* According to the Official Report on Wines (Paris Exhibition 1867) the vine occupies in Europe an area of four million hectares, two and a half million being in France alone.

by us. Excellent Burgundy, suitable for drinking at dinner, may be purchased for 12*l.* thé hogshead (containing 228 litres), or about 1*s.* 4*d.* per bottle.

Arthur Young, in his 'Travels in France,' finds great fault with the manner in which Burgundy was cut up in his time into small holdings, morcellements as they are called, and justly, for they are, so to speak, but morsels of land. It is a pleasant fact, that (if Young's account of the *petits propriétaires* be truthful) their social condition has undergone great improvement since his observations were made. The writer was greatly struck by an incident that occurred on the occasion of visiting one of their 'little men,' which, as illustrative of their condition, is worth recording. We found him on our arrival toiling amidst his vines, now carrying heavy loads of grapes to the carts in waiting, and now rushing to his vine-presses and vats to see that all the operations were going on well. It was a lovely evening, and as we were standing on a slope of the Côte, one of our party, who had been looking across the far-reaching plain below, exclaimed, 'I am sure I see Mont Blanc.' But as this mountain is very distant from the Côte d'Or, and not easily distinguished when clouds hang about the Alps.

doubts arose, and the supposed mountain was pronounced by others to be but a cloud. 'Nor is Mont Blanc in that direction,' said one who knew the country well. Various opinions being offered on the subject, and no two agreeing, 'I think,' said the vine proprietor, 'that I can set the question at rest; pray, gentlemen, follow me.' He led us to his house, hard by, and ascending a small terrace, threw back the shutters of a window through which he passed into a room. Still following him, we found ourselves in a well-furnished sleeping apartment. The bed, as French beds generally are, was covered with spotless linen, and seemed—so comfortable did it look—to invite one to repose. 'Here, gentlemen,' said our host, for so he proved himself to be, 'lying here, with my head on this spot, I can see Mont Blanc; and often, when worn out by labour, I lie here in the evening hours, watching the setting sun light up the Alps and paint Mont Blanc with roseate hues. And see,' he continued, 'Monsieur is right; yon is no cloud, but Mont Blanc. And now,' he added, 'being in my house, you must taste my wines.' Proceeding to his cellar, he brought out half-a-dozen bottles containing wines of famous vintages. The approved manner of

tasting Burgundy is not in wineglasses, but in small silver shallow cups of repoussé work. These reflect the rich hues of the wine, which flashes and sparkles like liquid rubies. The shallow cup also enables the bouquet to be smelt very conveniently, an operation which always precedes the tasting. As it fell to the writer's lot to taste an infinite variety of wines in Burgundy, he purchased one of these pretty little vessels, and often took more pleasure in observing the exquisite play of the wine hues than in tasting the wine that produced them. For, as you are probably aware, if you have visited extensive wine-cellars with a 'tasting order,' the organs of taste soon become perplexed; so much so, indeed, that it is only by cleaning the sensitive papillæ of the tongue with bread and vinegar that they can be restored to their normal condition. It is remarkable how skilful professional wine-tasters become. By practice they are enabled to predict with great certainty how quite new wine will turn out, which to your unskilled palate tastes like very bad sugar and water. This sweetness is, however, appreciated by ladies, and especially by young ladies in Burgundy, with whom new wine finds favour, as it seems to have done with maidens of

old, who, we are told by Zechariah, were made cheerful by new wine.*

It must not be supposed that all the small landowners in Burgundy are as well off as our friend who can see the sun set on Mont Blanc from his pleasant bed-chamber; but even the humblest lord of the soil, who has an annual struggle to make his patch of ground maintain himself and family, is in a better social position than the agricultural labourer in the greater part of England. The latter works, on an average, from 7 A.M. until 5 or 6 in the evening, with the break of one hour and a half for meals. These are of a wretched description. Meat rarely enters into their composition.† The Burgundian peasant cannot be called a meat-eater, but he has a greater variety of vegetables at his command than the English agricultural labourer enjoys, and the admirable domestic institution of the *pot au feu*, called in Burgundy the *pot pourri*,‡ enables him

* Chap. ix. ver. 17.

† It is pleasant to read of the numerous attempts that are being made by Australia and South America to send us some of their superfluous meat; but with the overstocked nature of the labour market in England, the question naturally arises, whether it would not be better to send our surplus population as emigrants to eat the *fresh* beef and mutton in the above countries.

‡ The *pot pourri*, according to an old work on Burgundy, con-

to put a more savoury meal on the table than is seen in the house of the latter. Good and wholesome wine takes the place in Burgundy of the bad and unwholesome beer of the English village public-house. The independence enjoyed by the Burgundian peasant must also be taken into account, when a comparison is instituted between the two classes. Bad vintages, it is true, are a heavy blow to the latter, but his habits of thrift enable him to get through the darkest year. For the English labourer to save out of his miserable wage would be manifestly impossible.

But revenons à nos *vignes*. We have an invitation to be present at the opening of the vintage in the Clos de Vougeot, which may be compared to a brilliant of the purest water, among the jewels surrounding it. For if Burgundy wine is, as is generally conceded, the most perfect of all wines in the qualities that are deemed most essential to vinous perfection, that kind bearing the honoured name of Clos de Vougeot is entitled to the first place.

All the way to Vougeot the road was literally fringed by the purple fruit, heaped in long baskets,

sists of a piece of bacon, several vegetables, and herbs, 'qu'on fait bouillir longtemps, c'est-à-dire *pourrir* à force de cuire.'

waiting to be carried to the neighbouring villages, while carts containing large oval tubs for the reception of the grapes, were hurrying to and fro. Almost every vineyard was full of vintagers, busy with their *serpes* (diminutive sickles) among the vines; light of heart, apparently, for ever and anon they broke out into song. And if 'wine maketh glad the heart of man,' no wonder that there should have been great rejoicing last autumn in this fair land of sunny France, for God blessed Burgundy with a most abundant vintage.

But here we are at the famous Clos de Vougeot. You cannot well miss it, for over the great gate which gives access to the vineyard, the name is inscribed in large characters. It is the custom of French troops to present arms when passing the Clos. Assuredly it deserves this honour. Wise were the monks of Citeaux, in their generation, who created the Clos de Vougeot. The proverb, 'Dove abitano i frati è grassa la terra,' would not (to your eye, accustomed probably to fair and fruitful meads) apply to this stony soil, but in this stoniness consists its richness.

Great experience, based on numerous experiments, shows that if it be desired to render the

vine prolific, it must be trained low. And there is every reason to believe that until Italy adopts the low-training system, her wines will not equal those of France. It is, of course, much more agreeable to the eye to see vines 'married,' as Virgil says, 'to the elm,' or, as they now more generally are in Italy, to the white mulberry; but this mode of culture, called that of the 'high stocks,' by causing the vines to interlace their branches, and form thick bowers, deprives the fruit of the sun's influence, and exposes it to the action of cold winds. The wine made from grapes thus treated is harsh and destitute of warmth. All vines, as a rule, are very sensitive to cold. In the wine districts of France you will rarely find vines planted near a running stream, it being believed that the current carries with it cold air and humidity, both being noxious to the plant. The ancient saying, 'Bacchus loves the hill-side,' is very truthful, it being, of course, understood that the hill-side is of moderate elevation above the sea.

How fruitful the vines in the Côte d'Or were last year, may be judged by the fact that the average number of bunches in the celebrated vineyards was twelve instead of five, the number

in ordinary years, and these, with scarcely an exception, were large and luscious. The absence of disease, including that most unaccountable of vine-pests, the oïdium, was most remarkable in the Côte d'Or. But according to M. Raux, the Clos under his charge has hitherto suffered more from animals, and especially from the insect-tribe, than from disease. Boars, foxes, goats, badgers, and dogs, are great lovers of grapes. The classical reader will remember that the goat was sacrificed to Bacchus, on account of its being considered an enemy to the vine. In the Eastern Pyrenees the domestic dog commits terrible ravages amidst vineyards; large crops being not unfrequently destroyed by them in the course of a night. With respect to the foxes, however, we may observe that if they eat the Burgundy vigneron's grapes, the latter takes his revenge by eating Renard. Foxes may be seen exposed for sale in the markets of French provincial towns; and a French writer informs us that 'la chair du renard est moins mauvaise que celle du loup; les hommes en mangent en automne surtout, lorsqu'il s'est nourri et engraissé de raisins.' Birds, too, commit great havoc in vineyards, but this is in some degree compensated for by the myriads of

insects which many of them kill, and which are very injurious to the vine. Insects, indeed, seem to be the great enemy to this plant. No less than twenty-seven species are enumerated, all of which are extremely destructive; and how dreaded they were by the monks of old appears by a very curious MS. bearing the date 1553, preserved in the library of Dijon, showing that insects noxious to the vine were solemnly excommunicated.

CHAPTER II.

BEAUNE.

Family Pictures—Cannibalism—Leprosy—Effects of Paris going to Market—Bureau de Bienfaisance—Hospital—Museum—Armour—Cathedral—Palace—Terrible Siege.

From the day of your advent in Beaune until you leave it, wherever you may be, you cannot fail to be greatly impressed by the teeming abundance of the animal and vegetable productions.

Market-places in full business have been aptly called 'the family pictures of a town,' and, if you would know how fruitful is the Beaune district, visit the market-place in that town. I do not suppose that there exists in all France a more abundant fruit and vegetable market than this. It is perplexing, looking at this great abundance, to read that Beaune in far-back years was frequently devastated with fearful famines. These, it is recorded, were almost invariably occasioned by long-continued rain. The famine of 1030, felt

all over Burgundy, was particularly disastrous to the inhabitants of Beaune. The agony and rage of hunger induced by this visitation were such as to give rise to the most horrible deeds. Even human beings were eaten.' A butcher in Beaune carried on for a long time a trade in human flesh, which his fate—for he was burned alive—did not entirely put an end to. This famine lasted three years. Two visitations of the same nature occurred in 1347 and 1361, the latter being accompanied by violent earthquakes. Plagues, too, were frequent, and leprosy was so common, that a large lepers' hospital near Beaune was always full of patients. Traces of the walls of this building may still be seen, and in the Museum of Beaune are preserved, as curiosities, specimens of the wooden clappers which the lepers wore suspended to their girdles, and which they were required to clap when passing through the streets, to give the inhabitants notice of their presence; now famines and plagues are alike unknown, and bountiful nature ministers, with wonderful constancy, to the wants of man.

The time was, and not very long ago, when living in Burgundy was extremely moderate. Railways, however, have tended considerably to

augment prices. Omnivorous and insatiable Paris goes to market now in many provincial towns, and is so good a customer that prices of provisions are, in many of the towns where the *octroi* is high, as dear as in the metropolis.

'It was my custom,' said the landlord of a large inn in a provincial town, 'before we were linked by steam to Paris, to go to the market and buy *en gros*—now *on conte les pièces.*' One result of the levelling of prices on the Continent, has been the breaking up of English colonies in French towns. Our countrymen now find that living, including house-rent, is not dearer in England than in France; and, as a rule, more comforts are attainable for the same scale of expense in the former country than in the latter.

You have pleasant evidence of the abundance existing in Burgundy from the entire absence of beggars in that province. On no single occasion did man, woman, girl, or boy ask me for charity during my sojourn in that favoured land. And this is the more remarkable, for France, like all continental countries, is unblessed by a poor law, England being the only country in the world where the poor man has a right to have his stomach filled at the public expense. Nor, so far

as I could hear, are the Bureaux de Bienfaisance* called upon to administer much relief to poor persons in Burgundy; so that, though the vine crop is uncertain—abundant vintages being the exception, and by no means the rule—the land supports the population in a manner to make the inhabitants independent of public relief.

The glory of Beaune is its hospital, founded in 1441 by Nicolas Rolin, Chancellor of Burgundy, and largely endowed by him and by his sister. Louis XI., who had no great affection for this Cardinal, hearing of the magnificence of this hospital, observed, 'Il était bien juste que celui qui avait fait tant de pauvres pendant sa vie, leur préparât un asyle avant de mourir.'

The building bears more resemblance to a large château of the middle ages than to an hospital. There are three spacious courts, round which are

* These Bureaux are private associations, receiving aid from the state to enable them to discharge their duty more efficiently. All visitors to French churches will remember that the contents of the box, 'Pour les Pauvres,' goes to these Bureaux, and indeed all monies devoted to charitable purposes are sent to them. It may be judged how far these Bureaux relieve the poor from the fact that their expenditure in Paris in 1865 was 162,000*l*. Heads of families sixty-three years of age, with three or more children under fourteen, receive only six and a half quartern loaves monthly; a single man, or woman of seventy, two quartern loaves monthly, and five francs. Thus these Bureaux only assist, do not maintain.

the wards and other apartments. The lofty roofs are fretted by numerous tourelles, surmounted by very elaborate ironwork. A beautiful draw-well, covered with an elegant Gothic canopy of iron, deserves particular notice; it is situated in the court nearest the street. A spacious Gothic hall, used for the meetings of the managers of the hospital, contains a very remarkable painting by Roger van der Weyden. It represents the Last Judgment, and is rightly esteemed one of the finest pictures of the early Flemish school. Unfortunately the picture, which is very large, is in a bad state of preservation. Considerable portions of the dark pigment have peeled off, and no attempt has been made to arrest the progress of total ruin which threatens this fine work. This hall also contains portraits of the last four Dukes of Burgundy, said to be authentic; they possess all the characteristics of the celebrated men whom they represent. All the woodwork of this hall, as well as that throughout the hospital, is Spanish chestnut, derived from trees which formerly were abundant in this country, but, it having been considered that the chestnut trees shaded the vines too much, they were cut down. The Maison-Dieu of Beaune, as the hospital is called, is said

to be the wealthiest in Burgundy. The patients numbered two hundred and forty-six at the time of my visit. The wards are large and well ventilated, lovely flowers in pots make the courts look bright and gay; everything betokens prosperity and good management. Twenty-four sisters of mercy, for the most part women of good families, are in constant attendance on the patients.

As is usual in French provincial towns, Beaune possesses a museum, which contains many local objects of interest. Here is the Phrygian cap which figured on the summit of the cathedral during the Revolution, of which I have already made mention; here are also several curious specimens of old fire-arms, which did duty in the wars of the Ligue, when Beaune became the scene of terrible deeds. Among the old guns in this museum are two very curious revolvers, and some specimens of the earliest flint locks; they are sadly injured by rust, and reminded me of the innocuous weapon described by Hudibras—

> But Pallas came in shape of rust,
> And 'twixt the spring and hammer thrust
> Her Gorgon shield, which made the cock
> Stand stiff as 'twere transform'd to stock.

We cannot be surprised when we examine the

finest specimens of fire-arms, that the warriors of the age, when they made their appearance, should have taken a strong dislike to them. It is notorious how the introduction of heavy weapons led to the wearing of ponderous armour, and, just as the manufacture in the present day of enormous guns, with great penetrating force, has caused ships to be protected with massive iron plates, so the warriors of early days met the inventions of pikes, maces, halberts, martels, &c., with ponderous morions, breast-plates, greaves, &c. How horses bore the weight of men thus armour-clad is surprising. Some Burgundian morions had visors, with hawk-like noses and moustaches moulded in iron, thus considerably increasing their weight, while no additional defence was gained. Beaune was long famous for the skill of its arquebusiers. Montluc, one of the worthies of Henry II. of France, thus expresses his detestation of the arquebuse: 'Que plust à Dieu que ce malheureux instrument n'eust jamais été inventé; je n'en porterois les marques lesquelles encore aujourd'hui me rendent languissant; et tant de braves et vaillants hommes ne fussent morts de la main le plus souvent des plus poltrons et plus lâches qui n'oseroient regarder

au visage celui qui de loin ils renversent de leurs malheureuses balles; mais ce sont les artifices du diable pour nous faire entretuer.' There is something touching in this lament of expiring chivalry. So greatly was this weapon disliked by the veteran warrior, that it is said even the brave and generous Bayard invariably denied quarter to the arquebusier as a ruffian who violated the laws of honourable warfare. What would these gallant knights have thought of the Snider or Chassepot rifle?

There are several drawings in the museum, representing companies of these soldiers undergoing training. The uniforms are very curious. The museum contains a great number of Gallo-Roman remains, found in and about Beaune, including some beautiful specimens of glass. A vase of this material, discovered in the tomb of a Gallo-Roman lady near Beaune, is of great elegance.

The cathedral, dedicated to Our Lady, deserves more attention than it has hitherto received from antiquarians. It was commenced in 976 by Duke Henry of Burgundy, and completed at the end of the eleventh century by the Duchess Matilda. Some portions of the architecture are very curious. The sacristy contains very old tapestry, repre-

senting the chief events in the life of our Saviour. This tapestry is suspended in the choir on fête days. The principal treasures of the cathedral consist of relics, set with precious gems, which, it is stated, were given to the chapter of the cathedral by Duke Charles the Bold, who carried them off from Liege, after he had sacked that town.

The Dukes of Burgundy seem to have liked Beaune as a place of residence. The palace which they occupied in the town still exists. You will find it behind a bookshop in the Place Monge. Although it has undergone considerable alterations, it is still a very interesting building, and so picturesque that the sketcher should not fail to make its acquaintance.

Another excellent subject for a sketch is the old clock-tower in the Place Monge. This Monge was the celebrated mathematician; he was born at Beaune. A statue of him has been recently erected in the centre of the Place which bears his name.

It was said of this city by the Duc de Mayenne, who considered it as the key of Burgundy, 'Qui m'ôterait Beaune, serait autant que si on m'arrachait le cœur du ventre.'

At a later period Beaune underwent a terrible siege by the troops of Henri IV.; the soldiers, made furious by the resistance they met with, committed the most fearful atrocities; neither the oldest men, nor women, nor children of tender years were spared. A large portion of Beaune was destroyed by fire, and the huge castle was reduced to a ruin. The fall of Beaune gave Henri IV. great pleasure. He ordered a Te Deum to be sung in Notre Dame. 'J'espère,' he wrote to Mornay, 'que ce premier et grand succès sera suivi d'autres plus grands en mes pays de Bourgogne.' The King's wishes were gratified, for shortly afterwards Autun and other large towns surrendered.

CHAPTER III.

ROCHE POT CASTLE.

Volnay—St. Romain—Dungeons—Chapel—René Pot—Bibat et Moriatur—Echo—Walnuts.

THE Côte d'Or district in some respects resembles Rhineland. And just as your knowledge of the latter, when limited to glimpses of the castles seen from the deck of a fast steamer, may be said to give you but a very superficial acquaintance with its beauties, so, rushing at the foot of the Côte d'Or at railway speed, the Côte with its lateral valleys, quaint villages nestling in combes, musical with the sound of many waters, and above all, its grand castles, are as a sealed book to you. Let us visit one of the latter. The drive will take us over the Côte, and far away into a country where tourists are unknown. We left Beaune at 10 A.M., and proceeding southwards passed through the villages of Pomard and Volnay, both famous for the wines grown in their

vicinity. My friend had many acquaintances in each village, on some of whom we called. Considerable rivalry exists between the two villages, with respect to their wines. Connoisseurs, however, are pretty well agreed that Volnay is superior to Pomard. The proverb 'Il n'y a qu'un Volnay en France' is expressive of the great excellence of its wines; and perhaps it was for this reason that Volnay was a favourite residence of the first Dukes of Burgundy. They occupied a large castle-like edifice, now entirely ruined, called 'La Grange des Ducs,' to which were attached various buildings for the use of retainers. A short distance beyond Volnay we left the high road, and commenced the ascent of the Côte. It is very remarkable, in ascending, how soon the vines begin to give place to walnut and other trees—a refreshing change to the eyes, for when you have been driving for many miles through French vineyards, a feeling of monotony oppresses you, and you long for vegetation of a less formal cut. But we must ascend nearly to the crest of the Côte before we fairly bid adieu to the vines. Just before attaining the top, we come to the village of St. Romain. It stands on a kind of rocky peninsula, jutting from a vast limestone

precipice, surmounted by a ruined castle. Many of the houses appear to be built to the face of the rock which rises vertically behind them. The limestone passes in some localities into a red-veined marble of a very fine quality. At the base of the precipice a stream, almost river-like in its wealth of water, springs to life and light, and turns six picturesque mills in juxtaposition. Close to the lowest mill a figure in stone, supposed to be a representation of Mercury, was found. The simple inhabitants entertain a very different belief respecting it; and being endowed in their eyes with miraculous powers, they think to cure diseased children by rubbing them against it. Above St. Romain—for we have still to ascend—we enter the terra petræa of the Côte d'Or, and all is stony, but not barren, between that village and Roche Pot. Flax and potatoes occupy the ground, but it is evidently hard work to wrest a living from the soil. From the crest of the Côte you have a glorious view Alpwards, but you will not see the giant mountains until the sun paints them with roseate hues at eve. Now we drive over a wild table-land, stopping occasionally to regale ourselves on blackberries, alike wonderful for their great size and delicious flavour; and

then turning into a very narrow road, descend rapidly towards a valley far beneath us. But long before we arrive at the bottom, we see the castle of La Roche Pot, hovering falcon-like over the village of the same name. It was built by Alexander of Burgundy in the thirteenth century. On his death it passed into the family of the Pots, various members of whom added largely to it. Leaving our little carriage at the village, we ascended to the castle by a path shaded by huge walnut trees, which attain gigantic proportions in this part of Burgundy. On our right frowned the lofty precipice, surmounted by the castle. Piles of rocks fallen from the steep, lay in confusion at its base, many nearly hidden by dense vegetation, amidst which a variety of birds were warbling sweetly. For here they seemed secure from molestation.

Chascun oisel, en son latin,
Chantoit parmi le vert bocage,

sang Troubadour Raymont of the France in his day; and so might modern poets sing if the persecution at present practised towards the feathered race in France ceased. The high expectations you may have formed of the castle of Roche Pot, from seeing it afar off, will not be disappointed by

visiting the interior. The massive walls carried no less than six stories; some of these chambers are still tolerably perfect; they are of various sizes, from the vaulted hall to mere closets which did duty as bed-chambers; of course there are winding stairs, leading upwards to warders' eyries, where the wind was, at the time of our visit, in full blast: from the loftiest of these eyries there is a most singular view of the castle and village beneath. Of course, too, there are dungeons, fathoms deep in the rock, for no castle in Burgundy was considered perfect without such snug places for the accommodation of prisoners, whose groans and wailings appear to have been sweet accompaniments to the shouts of roystering in the banquet halls above. I visited one of these dungeons: it smelt dank and foul, and I was glad to escape from it to the upper world again.

With a kind of devilish love to witness misery and misfortune, some dungeons in Burgundian castles were so contrived, that the prisoners in them could be seen from the galleries opening out of the chambers above them. The unfortunate Duke Arnould, we are told, was imprisoned for six years in a dungeon of this description. Nearly every day his son—who entertained the

greatest hatred for his father,—used to go to the top of one of the walls of the dungeon, and there 'menacer son vieux père et lui crier des injures.'

Besides these dungeons, the castle of La Roche Pot possesses a chamber where confinement and punishment were ingeniously combined. It was called 'La Crapaudière' from the circumstance that the prisoner was attached by his waist to a ring in the floor, in such a manner that he could not stand upright, and was obliged to remain in a crouching position, something resembling that of a squatting toad. The lords of these Burgundian castles were not, as is well known, remarkable for showing mercy to those whom they considered to be their enemies. But in this respect they were probably not a whit worse than their neighbours in other parts of France and Germany. The Knights of the middle ages had too often hearts as insensible to mercy as their mail-clad bodies were to blows. Their hand was generally against every man, and every man's hand against them; worthy brothers, for the most part, of the dread warrior described by the poet:—

> The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,
> And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
> In liberty of bloody hand shall range,
> With conscience wide as hell.

Chroniclers tell us that the lords of some German castles were not only ever ready to wage war against their neighbours; but when, like the terrier, they could not get fighting without their castles, they fought within them, among themselves. Happy families, truly, must they have been. Not unfrequently the lords of La Roche Pot appear to have executed their prisoners by *furca et fossa*. The pit was, however, much more in vogue than the gallows. Hanging has never been much practised in France. Chartier, in his 'History of Charles VII.,' states that on the occasion of a woman being hung in Paris, during the reign of that monarch, the population was in a most excited state, and especially the women, who were furious that one of their sex should be put to death in such a manner. In juxtaposition to la Crapaudière chamber is the chapel of the château, remarkable for its great size, and for an extremely handsome open roof, of chestnut wood. Here, doubtless, the lords of Roche Pot came to ease their souls from many burdens, which were, even in the stern and cruel days in which they lived, difficult to support. Venerable historical memories belong to the castle of La Roche Pot. The cradle of one of the oldest families in Burgundy, it

figures frequently in the histories of that province. René Pot was one of the most famous men of his day; he made the castle a name of terror throughout Burgundy. Few knights, we are told, cared to measure weapons with him. When in the thick of the fight, a battle-axe hung from his saddle-bow—being used alternately with a spear and a sword, as might best do execution. But, although loving fighting beyond all things, he was a boon companion, and took great delight in entertaining his friends in his grand castle. To some, however, his hospitality must have been as dangerous as his enmity. It is recorded of him, that when offering at a banquet a capacious bowl full of strong beer to a mere stripling, he was told that to drain the bowl, as was required, would peril the life of the youth; on which the Baron thundered out 'Bibat et moriatur!' (Let him drink and die.) What singular inconsistency prevailed in the manners and morals of those days! The utmost devotion to the fair sex, a nice regard for honour, mingled with terrible cruelty, gross sensuality, and the bitterest spirit of revenge.

Philippe Pot, son of René, is said to have been the most accomplished knight of his day. His eloquence caused him to be called 'La Bouche de

Cicéron.' He was created Governor of Lille by Charles the Bold, sent by the Duke as his ambassador to London; and on the death of Charles, was appointed Grand Sénéchal de Bourgogne by Louis XI. He was very influential in restoring order throughout the province when it was joined to the crown of France; and for his patriotic services he was styled 'Père de la Patrie.'

You may spend a long summer's day in and around the castle of La Roche Pot; and, if you are a sketcher, you will find the longest summer's day all too short for the harvest that may be gathered here. Besides the majestic, semi-ruined castle with its beautiful sculptured window-frames, the grand rock on which it stands, the face of which glows with colours, partly due to the limestone, and partly to the lichens mantling its face, the vast spreading walnut trees, and the quaint village houses, clinging, as it were—and as they did in former times—for safety under the castle walls, combine to form a series of subjects for the pencil, of rare beauty. It is worth ascending to the slopes on the other side of the valley, to hear a very remarkable echo, caused by sounds being reverberated from the face of the cliff. It is one

of the best that the writer has heard, and, should you have been to Killarney, will recall the famous echo there, at the eagle's nest, described in the exquisite lines of the Laureate :—

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

We now sought the little village inn, where we had left our horses. For an abundant feed of oats, and hay *ad libitum*, 8 sous were charged us; and, ere starting, the landlord pressed on our acceptance a basket full of large and delicious walnuts, which in England would have cost far more than 4*d*.

CHAPTER IV.

AUTUN.

Importance of the City under the Romans—Various Sieges—First Court of Dukes of Burgundy held here—Female Warriors—A new kind of Wadding—Mont Beauvray—Fair—Liard—Cathedral—Roman Gates—Temple of Janus—Capitol—Amphitheatre—Singular Monument—Nicolas Rolin—Château of Montheleu—Minerals.

It was on a glorious evening, in the first week of October, that I passed through the rich valley of Autun, on my way to the town. The vines, stripped now of their purple fruit, were taking their tints of gold and crimson, the poplars were changing rapidly from green to yellow, and the whole country glittered with light and colour, contrasting charmingly with the pearly clouds, which floated over the hill-tops above Autun. No town in Burgundy enjoys a more delightful site than this. It stands on the northern slope of the hills rising from the valley watered by the Arroux, which here assumes an amphitheatral form, the

hollow of which seems to have invited the early inhabitants to make it their home. Vines mantle the lower parts of the hill, while on either side, and above, forest-like woods give great variety to the landscape. Charming, however, as is the situation of Autun, and peaceful as the town appears to the visitor in these days, no locality in Burgundy has suffered more from desolating wars than this. Looking at the magnificent cathedral, the lofty and elegant spire of which is rosy in the light of the setting sun, and hearing the mellow-toned bells, it is difficult to realise, that for centuries the roar of battles rolled along that valley, and broke against the fortified walls of Autun. Few towns in Europe have exercised the researches of antiquaries more than Autun. But in one respect to but little purpose. For though they have laboured hard to dispel the dark mists that have gathered round the early days of Autun, no satisfactory date has been assigned to its foundation. It disputes with Trèves the honour to have been built before Rome. Without giving credit to this, it may fairly be considered the oldest town in Burgundy. There is every reason to believe that it was the ancient Bibracte, capital of the Ædui, whose republic was the most import-

ant in Gaul. They were so powerful, that when conquered by the Romans they were treated with great consideration, received as allies, and Bibracte was called the Sister of Rome.

Cæsar spent a winter in this city, with two Roman Legions, and at a later period, when the Emperor Augustus went to Gaul, he made Bibracte his head-quarters, and erected so many magnificent public buildings, that the name of the town was changed to Augustodunum, modernised into Autun. Tacitus describes its importance as a fortress and a large city, and both he and other writers state that the most illustrious of the youth of Gaul were educated here. The Emperor Claudius, who was born at Lyons, admitted the citizens of Augustodunum to the privilege of senators, and conferred on them the monopoly of making cuirasses and arrows in Gaul. But, however honourable and profitable this may have been to some parties, we may question whether the workmen engaged for the above purposes were to be congratulated; for we are told, in order to guard against their deserting from the workshops, and carrying the knowledge of their art to other localities, they were branded on the right arm with a hot iron. Thus patronised and honoured, Autun

flourished, so long as the Roman empire was at peace. But the decline of that power was fatal to the city. And although for many years, alone and unassisted, Augustodunum had successfully resisted the legions of Gaul, they at length prevailed, and Augustodunum, wasted by famine, fell. Constantine, it is true, pained by the ruin which met his eyes when he visited Autun, and affected by the sight of the senators who prostrated themselves at his feet before the gates of the capital in profound silence, ordered that the city should be, in a great measure, rebuilt, and the public buildings restored. His orders were obeyed: Augustodunum rose from her ruins, but only to become the scene of a succession of sieges and battles, which extended over many years. The cup of her misery was only full in 888, when the Normans, having successfully besieged the city, burnt the public buildings, and carried into effect the scripture words, 'made of a city an heap; of a defenced city a ruin,' 'vix ut vestigia restent,' says Guillaume le Breton, alluding to these events.

But it is the nature of some cities, like the fabulous Phœnix, to rise in the most surprising manner from their ashes. Ruined as Autun was, she once more took her place among cities, and it

was within her walls that the first dukes of Burgundy held their court, previous to their removal to Dijon; and when the inhabitants were harassed by the terrible Écorcheurs in 1366, Duc Philippe le Hardi made it his head-quarters, for the purpose of restoring confidence among the inhabitants. Subsequently it suffered grievously from various sieges, and especially by that undertaken by the English in 1359; it yet appeared to have been so fine a town, that when Louis XII. visited it in 1501, he called it 'la beaulx ville aux beaulx cloichiers,' and Francis I., who sojourned in it in 1521, called it the French Rome. But it was the destiny of Autun to be always in hot water; the inhabitants having warmly espoused the cause of la Ligue, and especially that of the Sainte Union, Marshal d'Aumont laid siege to the city. The siege lasted thirty-four days, during which the inhabitants performed prodigies of valour. Women as well as men fought with the most determined energy. The cannon, we are told, which were used on this occasion, were greatly dreaded by the citizens. The first cannon ball, however, having fallen within the walls without doing any damage, it was carried by the bishop (who was afterwards canonised for his

martyrdom under extremely cruel circumstances) to the cathedral, and offered to St. Léger.

A breach in the walls having been at length made, the order for assault was given; but when the soldiers, infuriated by having sustained repeated repulses, and flushed by the hope of victory, rushed into the breastwork, they found it defended by women, as well as by men. The former wore cuirasses, and according to the chroniclers of the siege, fought 'comme des diables;' others who were unprotected by armour, melted lead, which was thrown on the besiegers, and supplied the defenders of the city with wine, which they carried to them in the thickest of the strife. Amazing deeds of valour were performed on both sides, but although the besiegers stood long within the breastwork they never succeeded in entering the town, and were obliged to beat a retreat.

A grand religious service was held in the cathedral, in gratitude for the victory of the city, and the joy of the inhabitants was only damped by the remembrance, that wadding for the guns having run short, they had been obliged to use the city archives for this purpose, all of which were destroyed.

I have dwelt thus long on the history of Autun, not only on account of its interest, but because this ancient city has recently become a fertile subject of dispute among antiquarians. The Emperor of the French has, in his 'History of Cæsar,' declared that the Bibracte of the Romans was not on the site of Autun, but on the summit of Mont Beauvray, fourteen miles from Autun. But, opposed as this opinion evidently is to facts, Napoleon III. has many supporters; and fortunately for himself, he is in a position to be able, if he be right, to substantiate his opinion. And if he hold to the fine sentence heading the preface to his work, 'La vérité historique devrait être non moins sacrée que la religion,' he will leave no stone unturned to prove his position. And this he is literally doing.

During last summer, extensive excavations at the expense of Government were made on the summit of Mont Beauvray. The result was, the discovery of the remains of a wall, running round the crest of the mountain, objects in bronze, coins of Gaul, mosaic pavements, fragments of pottery, and an enormous number of amphoræ, amounting, as I was informed, to above 4,000. These discoveries undoubtedly prove that a camp was

established on the summit of this mountain; but unless further researches develope much more extensive remains, there really does not appear to be any good ground for supposing that Bibracte was on the summit of Mont Beauvray. But probably one of the strongest arguments against this hypothesis, is the fact that Mont Beauvray, according to the survey of French engineer officers, is 810 metres = 2,656 feet above the level of the sea. Antiquarians, however, who adopt an opinion are not easily to be turned from it, whatever evidence may be brought forward, and thus several of these gentlemen, as I was informed, cling to the belief that Mont Beauvray and Bibracte are identical. But Napoleon III. is probably not fully satisfied on the subject, for as I was given to understand, he purposes continuing the excavations on Mont Beauvray next summer.

It will be seen that Autun abounds with interesting associations, connected with the long past. You would think, after all the batterings, burnings, and famine it has undergone, that there could be nothing left to render it attractive to the traveller. Not so. It still possesses several objects of interest, which will repay examination; and

if you are a sketcher, several days may be spent very pleasantly in the old city.

I found very good quarters at 'La Poste;' as usual, my dinner companions were of the commercial order, not a single tourist but myself being in the house, nor during my stay at Autun did I see one.

The great annual fair, which lasts a fortnight, was in full vigour. It is held in the small park in the centre of the town. The primitive nature of the goods on sale was extremely curious. Articles, the fashion of which had long passed, found ready purchasers. The shapes of the pottery and porcelain, and the designs on them, were amazing. It was difficult to believe they were made in the same country that produces the Sèvres ware.

The peasants, who poured through the town daily, purchased, and lounged through the booths, were in keeping with the articles. Rude and unsophisticated, they were perfectly satisfied with the antiquated and common-place character of the goods exposed for sale. On one point only they evinced great animation. All were intent on lowering the prices demanded. The crafty sellers, well aware of this propensity among the Burgundian peasants, met the difficulty by always

demanding more than they were willing to take. It was curious to hear the liard frequently mentioned. This coin, as the reader knows, has no longer legal currency in France, and yet it is constantly in the mouth, if not in the pockets, of the peasants in remote parts of Burgundy. But even more curious is the fact, that although there is no such coin as a liard in legal existence, small copper coins struck by Constantine the Great, which pass as liards, are still in circulation among the peasants in Burgundy. These pieces were so numerous that for many years small payments were made with them, and numismatists are still able to obtain them. I was informed that peasants have been known to offer in payment of a toll over a bridge near Lyons, copper coins of Constantine, and to have expressed much surprise on finding them refused: these coins they called liards. So firmly are ancient customs rooted in districts remote from large cities.

These facts are instructive as well as interesting, and go far to show that however advantageous decimal coinage might be to the merchant, it would be confusion and perplexity to the English peasant. In no county of our island can this individual be considered remark-

able for high intellectual acquirements. To be told that meat is seventy-five cents a pound would most assuredly be very misty information to the wife of a peasant in Cornwall or Cumberland. But let us take a walk through Autun. If you cultivate the acquaintance of the landlord of 'La Poste,' and show that you are a lover of antiquities, he will very probably do unto you as he did to me, exchange his pantoufles for shoes, and go forth with you in the capacity of guide, and an excellent guide he is. To him am I indebted for much interesting information respecting the history and antiquities of Autun. And first we went to the cathedral. This stands on the site of a subterranean chapel, where, before the reign of Constantine, Christians used to assemble at night for worship. It replaced a church destroyed by the Saracens in 731, and the relics of St. Lazare having been sent to the bishop of Autun, it received the name of that saint. The cathedral, which commands the entire city, was completed in 1178, and was considered so magnificent, that the Pope called it one of the most noble and famous churches in Christendom. Noble it is still, though it has undergone various alterations. The architecture of the modern portions is Gothic,

but the more ancient is Romanesque, imitated evidently from the old Roman gates still standing. The two towers, called in old books, 'la grande trompe' and 'la petite trompe,' have been recently restored, and adorned by Gothic spires: that in the centre is one of the finest pieces of florid Gothic architecture in existence. It soars aloft to the height of two hundred and ninety feet, covered from base to coping-stone with the most delicate and elaborate filigree work. The interior contains several windows of exquisitely painted glass. Those representing the martyrdom of St. Léger and St. Symphorien are extremely interesting. The choir is magnificent; it contains a great variety of beautiful marbles, brought for the most part from Sicily. Notwithstanding the claims of Avallon, with reference to the relics of St. Lazare, those possessed by Autun were quite sufficient to draw thousands of devotees to the shrine which contained them. The offerings made were, say the old chronicles, so costly, that the ecclesiastical authorities were enabled to give annually on the fête of St. Lazare, for many years, a representation of a Mystery, on a very large scale, in the Place adjoining the cathedral. Particular mention is made of the Mystery given

in 1516. A poet was engaged to compose a poem in honour of St. Lazare, a vast amphitheatre in wood was erected to contain the spectators, and the Mystery, which was of the most magnificent description, lasted four days. The feast of the Assumption was celebrated in the cathedral for many years with as much pomp and even more indecency than at Sens, Rouen, and Beauvais. The King of the Fools, who enacted the part of Balaam, was permitted to utter 'des profanités terribles;' the wages for his wicked follies being a cheese provided by the dean and chapter. Many attempts were made to suppress this fête, but it was only finally abolished in 1499. The bishops of Autun, among whom Talleyrand figures, have always enjoyed great privileges, but it is significant of the troubled times in which most of them existed, that in consequence of some of them having been murdered, it was always customary, prior to 1748, when the bishop of Autun celebrated high mass, to make two wafers, in the presence of the priests. A canon was obliged to eat one of them before the host was elevated, and it was the duty of another canon to drink a portion of the wine used on the occasion.

There are other churches in Autun, the ex-

amination of which will repay the antiquary, especially that of St. Jean de la Grotte; but as we have more interesting buildings to see in the town, we will pass them over. It is a long walk from the cathedral to the old Roman gates. The distance, however, gives you a good idea of what Autun was in its palmy days, for all the space within the walls was filled by houses; now, like the lean and slippered pantaloon of humanity, it is shrunk into a very small compass, the walls being a world too wide for it. Not that these exist in their integrity, but sufficient vestiges remain to enable us to define their limits; they were nearly 10,000 feet in circumference, and about 8 feet thick. The fragments that I measured varied from 7 feet 9 inches to 8 feet 4 inches in thickness. Forty towers stood at regular distances round these walls. Bearing in mind that, in all probability, twenty centuries have passed over them, how solid they are! It is with great difficulty, that even a pickaxe can make any impression on the mortar cementing the stones.

The walls of Augustodunum were pierced by four large gates, two of which remain; though they date from the Lower Empire, and the critic

will find fault with the details of their architecture, they have a fine and imposing effect; and it is worthy of note, that the eminent Parisian architects, Thomassin and Germain, considered them to be the finest monuments of the kind in France, and when it was determined to erect a triumphal arch in the Faubourg St.-Antoine, Colbert sent persons to take measurements of the two arches at Autun, as guides for the proposed arch in Paris. They are indeed grand monuments of the people who made them. That they were regarded more in the light of arches than gates is probable, and therefore more pains was bestowed on them than on the other gates, which have succumbed to the influence of time. It pained me to see them so badly cared for by the authorities of Autun, because, if properly protected, they would last for years.

Not far from the St. André Arch, are the remains of what archæologists pretty well agree in calling the temple of Janus. When Constantine the Great entered Augustodunum, he was, it is stated, astonished by the great number of priests who met him at the entrance of the town. Thus, it is quite possible that the three huge walls, two of which still rise to the height of 75 feet above the

ground, are the remains of the temple, dedicated to the god of peace and war. The configurement of the walls favours this hypothesis: all the temples consecrated to Janus were square, and not apparently richly adorned. The three remaining walls of the Autun temple show that the building was originally square.* The sides measure externally 55 feet, internally 40 feet, thus giving a thickness of 15 feet to the walls. It is generally supposed that they were carried to a greater height than we now see them, and that the building was covered with a vaulted roof. For this, however, there is no authority. Close to the top of the highest wall, on the outside, are corbels, pierced with holes.

In 1720 the curious discovery was made of the existence in two of these corbels of pieces of oak, so fashioned as to lead to the conclusion that these corbels carried a gallery. This temple was built of small bricks resting on stone foundations, like those used in the walls of the Colosseum, on

* Visitors to Rome will remark that the temple of Janus in that city is a high square mass, pierced in each front with a large arch, forming a vault in the centre. The façades, each of which is fifty-four feet in length (a singular approximation to the exterior length of the walls of the Autun temple), have niches which formerly contained statues.

which time has had but little effect. No statues or ornaments have been found within the temple; but the existence of niches in the walls, both within and without, leads to the supposition that they contained statues of the gods.

Excavations in the field where the temple stands led to the discovery of the foundations of buildings, numerous fragments of marble, tesselated pavements, &c.

There is no doubt that the city, at that period, was a stronghold of paganism; there were so many temples and altars within it. Following the example of Rome and Nismes, the citizens had even, in the language of the French historian, 'divinisé leur cité,' calling it Dea Bibracte. Inscriptions running thus have been found in Autun, as also a great number of valuable altars, and statues of gods, mosaics, and frescoes. The buildings above named are supposed to have been occupied by priests attached to the temple; but here again all is doubt and uncertainty, and speculation may run wild, without incurring any risk of being contradicted by trustworthy evidence. One thing is certain; here stood an imposing building, which, ruined as it is, still awes us by its vastness. Reclining within those mighty walls,

the wind, sighing athwart the long grasses and pendulous creeping plants, seemed eloquent. Centuries have passed over them, and, unlike modern fabrics, which endure but for a day, they still stand: man, more than time, has been the spoiler here, for there is no doubt that its destruction is due to the sieges that Autun sustained. Besiegers saw but too plainly that such a building would make an admirable fortress, and accordingly it was reduced to such a state as to render this impossible.

Not far from the temple of Janus, and near the bridge over the river Arroux, is that of Pluto, or rather the very fragmentary remains of a circular building, to which antiquaries have given that name. A statue in white marble, supposed to have represented the god, was found in the Arroux, near the temple, at the close of the last century. The statue was removed to the château of Montjeu, built on the site of the Château de la Toison d'Or, three miles from Autun. This temple appears to have been greatly damaged during the wars of the Ligue, when it served as a redoubt for guarding the bridge.

But even more fragmentary are the remains of the theatre and amphitheatre, whilst of the

capitol, within the precincts of which were the temples of Jupiter, Mars, and Juno, not a vestige remains. It stood on the site of the modern town of Rivaux, above the castle, and was surrounded on three sides by a very massive wall: a great number of fragments of statues, cornices, and pillars were discovered near this wall in 1610, and also a pyramid in white marble, 30 feet high, ornamented with rich sculptures. The capitol was honoured by the presence of the Emperors Augustus, Maximinus, Constantinus, and Julian. Here the orator Eumenius, who acted as secretary to the Emperors Maximinus and Constantinus, advocated the re-establishment of schools throughout Roman Gaul, and set forth in what manner this should be carried into effect. His proposition having been favourably entertained, he devoted his salary as professor of rhetoric, amounting, says Gibbon, 'to 600,000 sesterces, which, according to the lowest computation, must have exceeded 3,000*l.* a year, to rebuilding the Collége d'Autun.' It appears to have been a magnificent building; on the walls under the portico were plans in marble of celebrated cities; like the Pianta Capitolina, on the walls of the staircase leading to the upper halls of the museum of the

capitol in Rome, and also plans showing the courses of rivers, coast lines, &c.

Eumenius, in his oration 'De Restaurandis Scholis,' alludes to the temple of Apollo, which he states stood in the centre of Augustodunum. And although no vestiges of the temple remain above ground, the discovery of the foundation of a massive wall in a locality answering to that mentioned by Eumenius as the site of the temple in question, partly confirms his statement. This writer also makes mention of the temple of Hercules, which he says was near that of Apollo. The site of the theatre may still be traced; it must have been a very large edifice. Numerous buildings, including the bishop's palace, have been wholly or in part erected from the materials furnished by the amphitheatre of Autun. According to an account of it furnished by the abbé Germain in 1723, thirty years before that date numerous blocks of stones, pillars, &c., were visible. The abbé states that he saw in two years upwards of one hundred *tombereaux* of building materials, consisting of large and small blocks of stone, carried from the amphitheatre for building purposes, and that among the ruins were found the skulls and bones of lions and other

wild beasts. So completely has the amphitheatre been ruined, that it is now almost impossible to ascertain its dimensions. The naumachia at Autun was on a very large scale, scarcely inferior to that made by Domitian. It has been said that the three most remarkable works of the Romans, which most show forth their greatness, are their high-roads, amphitheatres, and aqueducts: to these their public baths might, we think, be added, and old Autun possessed them all. Fine large aqueducts supplied the city with water; one is said to have been sufficiently capacious to allow a man on horseback to pass through it. Vestiges of some of these aqueducts may still be seen.

A singular monument, unquestionably of great antiquity, still exists about a mile from Autun on the Dijon road, which doubtless originally assumed a perfectly pyramidal form. The length of the sides at the base was 80 feet, and the height about 90 feet; now the height is only 53 feet. According to some old authorities, steps carried round the side of the pyramid led to the top, on which stood an urn containing the ashes of the individual to whom this monument was reared. This some persons suppose to have been Divitiacus, friend of Cæsar and Cicero. The con-

clusion, however, does not appear to have any better foundation than that a medal was found near the monument in 1630, on one side of which is the figure of a Gaul clothed in a long robe, and wearing a helmet, and on the other the inscription, 'Gloria Ædu. Druid. que,' which it is maintained applies more to Divitiacus than to anyone else. Be this as it may, it is pretty certain that the monument is of a sepulchral character. It stands in the midst of one of the cemeteries to Augustodunum, and near it several sarcophagi, cinerary urns, lachrymatories, lamps, and medals have been found. In 1640 a horizontal cutting, fifteen feet from the base, was made in the monument, which led to no other result than ascertaining that it is solid. Probably, however, excavations made under it would reveal some relics which would throw light on it. Apart from the individual interest of the monument, locally called the 'Pierre de Couhard,' it is well worth visiting for the sake of the charming view of Autun obtained from it.

It will be seen from this sketch of the public buildings of Augustodunum, that it must have been a highly important city; unfortunately, they have for the most part disappeared. But there

yet remains a vast number of relics more or less connected with them, which silently, though eloquently, tell the story of the greatness of Augustodunum. Few ancient cities have yielded so rich a harvest of antiquities as this; nor is the harvest over. Like Rome, where excavations in undisturbed ground are sure to produce valuable results, researches made in Autun in the vicinity of the site of its ancient public buildings would bring to light many antiquities. The museum in the Hôtel-de-Ville not being sufficiently large to contain recent acquisitions, a new institution, called the Musée Lapidaire, has been organised in one of the old churches. Here, and in the adjoining cloisters, will be seen numerous sarcophagi, statues, portions of columns, rich sculptures, glass and earthen vases, inscriptions, &c., all of which have been discovered in and near Autun.

Nicolas Rolin, Chancellor of Burgundy in the reign of Philippe le Bon, always maintained that Autun, where he was born, was the healthiest town, 'par raison du bon air et l'excellence des eaux,' in France. There were no vital statistics in his day, so we cannot contradict the statesman. This, however, we may state, that nowhere in

Burgundy are the men more stalwart and muscular, or the women more good-looking than here.

The citizens of Autun have always been celebrated for their military spirit; unaided, they went forth in 1523, and, though inferior in numbers, fairly exterminated the Robeurs, who were devastating and committing terrible excesses in Burgundy. This gallant act so highly pleased Francis I. that he granted the town several valuable privileges. But the chancellor, with whom the world went well, was not likely to speak ill of his native town. Monstrelet tells us 'qu'il fit si bien ses affaires,' that Philippe le Bon, whom he served, said to him one day, 'Rolin, Rolin, tu as trop;' on which the chancellor, apprehending probably that the duke would lay violent hands on a portion of his enormous wealth, appeared before him attired in very shabby garments, and holding a paper in his hand.

'What is the meaning,' said the duke, 'of your appearing before me in such a guise?'

'Monseigneur,' replied the chancellor, 'I beg to offer you my estates enumerated in this document, only requesting to be allowed to return to my native town, there to end my days.' And at

the same time he presented the document in question to the duke.

'I am well pleased,' said the latter, 'that there is space left on the paper for me to write my wishes. You will continue my chancellor, and serve me, I trust, faithfully.'

Rolin, overjoyed by the duke's conduct, devoted a large portion of his wealth to charitable purposes, and founded the collegiate establishment of Notre Dame at Autun.

The death of Rolin in 1467 greatly affected Duke Philippe. By his order the chancellor was interred in the church of Notre Dame at Autun with extraordinary pomp. He was embalmed, and lay in state for a week in the cathedral, clothed in his chancellor's robes, his hat of office in his hand, gold spurs on his feet, a sword on his left side, and a dagger on the right. A ruined tower, about a mile from Autun, is said to be the remains of the *Stammhaus* of the Rolins, for greatness by no means began and ended with the chancellor. His eldest son was created a cardinal, and made Bishop of Autun, and other members of the family filled high offices.

Two miles beyond this town, on the road to Luzy, is another *Stammhaus*, that of the Mon-

theleu family, to which I made a pilgrimage. The cradle of this celebrated family consists of an extremely ancient and picturesque château, dating from the early part of the fifteenth century. The building is additionally interesting, as having been the residence for many years of the celebrated Jeanne Françoise Fremiot, Baronne de Chantal, to whom strange things happened. When she became a widow, according to her statements, to which she adhered with wonderful pertinacity, visions in the form of angels appeared to her in the château, generally at night, but occasionally during the day. These spiritual powers commanded her to found a religious order. For some time she endeavoured to resist their influence; but, as in the case of the Maid of Orleans, the voices were omnipotent, and eventually the order was founded, under the name of 'Ordre de la Visitation,' and the baroness presided over it until her death. That this good lady (for such indeed she was) saw visions mentally, cannot be doubted; but when we find that these generally appeared during Advent and Lent, when she went daily on foot to Autun to hear the stirring sermons preached in the cathedral during those seasons, we have a pretty satisfactory cause for the visions

in question. It is also stated that the baroness was considerably influenced by the discourses of St. François de Sales, whom she was accustomed to hear preach at Dijon. It was under the direction of St. François that the order in question was established, and it was inaugurated in the small chapel in the cathedral in the presence of the saint. This château is just the sort of place where you might expect spiritual manifestations: isolated from dwellings and full of weird-looking chambers, one can easily understand how a woman (or man even), living in it alone, might be worked on by the influences around her. During summer, with pleasant friends, the château of Montheleu would be a charming abode; but imagine the modern Frenchman, who, as a rule, dislikes the country, and who has the credit of endorsing the expression of the Parisian, 'Pour moi, j'abhorre les beautés de la nature;' what would become of him if compelled to spend the winter in this château?

How different was it with the Romans of old! For instance, when they formed a settlement at Aquæ Solis (our Bath), they built villas in the neighbourhood, the vestiges of which may still be seen, and so near Autun several appear to have lived on their farms. The antiquary will find

abundant matter in Autun to occupy him for several days. For he not only will be greatly interested with the antiquities preserved in the two museums, but, with that ingenuity which belongs to his class, he will in imagination restore Autun to its glorious condition, ere temple and tower went to the ground. To the geologist also, the neighbourhood of Autun will be found extremely interesting; not far from the town, jasper, agates, silver, copper, iron, tin, lead, zinc, and arsenic are to be found—not, however, with the exception of iron, in sufficient quantities to pay the expense of opening and working mines.

And now, having done the lions of Autun, let us walk through the old streets. An entire sketch-book might be filled in the streets of Autun: as you pass through them you are constantly arrested by the ancient buildings which crop out, so to speak, among the modern houses. By ingenious contrivances, these old buildings have been made serviceable as residences, and, as they often possess bartizans, tourelles, oriels, pinnacles, or other picturesque features, their effect is charming. The passion for flowers which is prevalent in Burgundy is evinced by the dwellers in these ancient strongholds, and adds yet another beauty to the scene.

CHAPTER V.

LE CREUSOT.

Dark Cloud — Theatrical Effect — Watt's Steam-Engine — Queen Marie-Antoinette's Glass Manufactory — Cannon Casting — Eugène Schneider—Secret Department—Mokta el Hadded—The Steam-Hammer — Manchester Goods — Low Wages — Schools — No Strikes—Few Crimes—Healthy Population.

FEW travellers through Burgundy, and especially that portion of it purple in the summer's prime with the lustrous fruit of the vine, would imagine that it had its 'black country,' which, if not so extensive as that which deforms a large district in England, is certainly as noisome, and as foul a blot on these fair lands.

Sitting one evening in the vine-trellised bower of a gentleman who owns and occupies, during summer and autumn, one of the most charming châteaux in Burgundy, above Sautenay, near the crest of the Côte d'Or, I beheld, afar off in the west, a dark cloud blotting the pure sky, which passed not away, but hung persistently over the

country. Enquiring what it arose from, I was informed that the cloud resulted from the great iron works of Le Creusot, which, from the small proportions of a local forge set up in 1769, have grown to be amongst the most extensive and important in Europe. The name of this celebrated establishment is probably familiar to the reader, who may have seen and been greatly interested, as the writer was, with the numerous objects exhibited by the company of Le Creusot at the last Paris International Exposition.

But it is also probable that in viewing those interesting objects, the reader had no clear idea of the position of Le Creusot. The works not being on any trunk line of railway accounts for their being so very rarely visited. The best and easiest route to Le Creusot is by the railway which branches from the Paris and Lyons line, at Chagny, south of Beaune, to Montchanin; and thence by another line, communicating with Nevers, which passes close to the works.

My determination to visit these celebrated works was strengthened by the promise of a letter of introduction to an English civil engineer, who rents a château near Le Creusot for the purpose of superintending the construction of

a large number of locomotives for the Russian Government.

Between Beaune and Montchanin the country is extremely picturesque, swelling in many places to elevations too lofty for the cultivation of the vine, and clothed principally by woods which form a portion of the great forest of Le Morvan. The railway winds amidst hills, affording you tempting glimpses of rich valleys, narrowing occasionally to glens, through which brawl clear streams, having a very trouty appearance.

Such is the scenery through which you are too quickly whirled, when, with almost theatrical effect, on the rail taking a sudden bend, emerging from the hills, you seem to enter another world. The sky, so lately pure, is now blackened by volumes of dense smoke, pouring from various chimneys, while, long ere the railway stops at the station of Le Creusot, you are almost deafened by the uproar of the ponderous engines, steam-hammers, and six furnaces, all in ceaseless activity.

Swarthy and dusky figures, coming and going, take the place of comely peasants, seen a few hours before. Among the vines, and under the spreading walnut-trees, locomotives puff and

shriek, and whistle up and down the railway intersecting the vast works. Huge beams of ever-toiling steam-engines rise and fall, as they raise coal from vast depths, while pumping-shafts, with all their pistons and their gear, are in full swing. And above and beyond all this din and activity looms the grim town of Le Creusot, now possessing a population of 25,000 souls, all more or less connected with the works. And all this is the growth of little more than eighty years.

In 1782 Le Creusot bore the name of Charbon, given to it in consequence of the discovery of coal near the village and close to the surface of the ground. The discovery having been communicated to Louis XVI., a company was formed under his patronage to work the mine; and as labourers were scarce, the king placed a regiment of soldiers at the disposal of Gauthery, engineer-in-chief to the State of Burgundy, who was appointed to commence the mining operations. Shortly after the works had been opened, one of Watt's steam-engines was brought over from England, the cylinder of which is carefully preserved at Le Creusot as an interesting relic. By means of this engine considerable quantities of coal were raised, and the almost simultaneous discovery of iron

ore near the coal gave a fresh stimulus to the company.* The works of Le Creusot were for many years made more serviceable to war than to the arts or to commerce. Large orders for cannon and cannon-balls were received from Government; and, accordingly, the company turned their attention to the manufacture of these munitions of war. A great number of cannon and cannon-balls were cast, and the hill where the guns were proved and tried was called 'Les Boulets,' by which name it is still known. It is worthy of note, however, that while Louis XVI. was making Le Creusot subserve military purposes, Marie-Antoinette patronised it in a commercial point of view. Understanding that good sand for glass-making purposes was abundant near Le Creusot, the queen organised a manufacture of glass; and thus, while the king was casting cannon, Marie-Antoinette was making glass: and with good results; for the glass-houses, which turned out excellent specimens of glass, were in operation until 1832, and then were only closed because the

* The first iron forge in Burgundy appears to have been at Montigny-sur-Aube. It was worked in 1202 by the monks of Langrès, under the direction of Guy de Chatillon, canon of St. Mammes. A second forge was worked in 1211 at Gissey-sur-Ouche by the monks of Labussière.

plant was purchased by the Baccarat Company. Remains of two of the large glass-houses may still be seen at Le Creusot in an outlying part of the works, bearing the name of 'La Verrerie.'

The chiefs of the Revolution continued to make Le Creusot their principal cannon-foundery; but in 1815, when the arts of war were happily supplanted to a considerable extent by those of a peaceful nature, the works now in the hands of the brothers Chagot were turned to the more useful purposes of making iron bridges, agricultural implements, &c. All the gas-pipes required for Paris, also the machinery for the Marly waterworks, were made here. In 1826 the Chagots transferred their interest in the works to two gentlemen, who failed in making the concern prosper; consequently, in 1837, the works were again sold. The purchasers this time were the two brothers Schneider. In their hands the fortunes of Le Creusot rapidly improved. One of the brothers had been long engaged in commerce in Paris; the other had been trained to his present occupation. An unfortunate accident terminated the life of the elder of these brothers in 1845, since which period the manufactures of Le Creusot have been in the hands of M. Eugène

Schneider, the well-known President of the Corps législatif, who has developed its resources to their present gigantic proportions—how gigantic may be conceived from the fact that, while in 1837 the workmen did not exceed 1,000, they now number 11,000. It may well excite our surprise, that a man holding such an office as that of President of the Corps législatif should have time to devote to so huge a concern as Le Creusot; but those who have witnessed the unceasing energy of M. Schneider in his Presidential chair, and how, apparently indifferent to the stormy passions frequently raging around him, he conducts the business of the Assembly, will be prepared to hear that the zeal manifested by him in his official capacity is brought to bear in the works of Le Creusot, all the details of which are more or less superintended by him.

M. Schneider is indeed a brilliant example of the truth that the man of business will, as a rule, get through an amount of work that would appal the man of leisure, who is devoid of business habits and the power of organising.

Provided with an order, without which the works cannot be seen, and under the guidance of a young English gentleman (a pupil of my friend's),

I saw all that was interesting, and more than visitors are generally allowed to see; for when in the rolling department, M. Schneider, who happened to be going at the same time through the works, accosted me, and, in a rather abrupt manner, asked me 'whether I had authority to examine the plate-rolling machinery,' or 'any business in the department?' To which I made reply, that though I had obtained leave to go through the works, I certainly had no business in the department in question, iron-rolling not being my trade; and if, as he assured me, there are secrets connected with the rolling of iron at Le Creusot, they remained secrets to me.

This explanation satisfied the great man, for he smiled, and, bowing, allowed me to proceed through the secret department with my young guide. I ascertained afterwards that it was only on account of my being accompanied by the latter that the gate-keeper allowed me to pass into this department, where enormous iron plates are rolled by machinery, supposed to give the iron a more even surface than that employed in other works. Rails for railways are also made in this department.

The greater portion of the iron ore worked at

Le Creusot is obtained at the junction of Beaune and Maconnais. The locality is marked by two remarkable elevations, on which the armies of Rome and Gaul often encamped. This ore yields 28 per cent. of iron; it is spread over a vast area, the extent of which is unknown. The vein, which in no place is more than 130 feet from the surface of the ground, averages 6 feet 6 inches in thickness. The ore is conveyed by a railway, especially constructed for the purpose, to Le Creusot, where it is passed through gigantic blasting furnaces, of the most approved construction.

It is an interesting sight to see the regularity with which the ore-laden transport arrives at the works. By an ingenious arrangement, the waggons tilt their contents, with great rapidity, into the yawning furnaces; and within two hours of the time that the ore is drawn from the mine it is being converted into iron.

Large as is the supply of iron ore from Maconnais, it by no means meets the requirements of Le Creusot, which is fed by other mines. Among them is the famous Algerian mine, of magnetic iron ore, at Mokta el Hadded, which yields no less than 65 per cent. of excellent iron.

The proverbial 'nothing like leather' might in these days, with considerable justice, be applied to iron. To England, at least, this metal is of paramount importance, but it is even more valuable when converted into steel. M. Schneider, whose success is greatly due to his keeping pace with all improvements, in order to meet the great and ever-increasing demand for steel, has lately erected immense works for carrying on the Bessemer and other steel-making processes.

Familiar as the Englishman probably is with iron works, it would be superfluous to give a detailed description of those of Le Creusot, which only differ from iron works generally by being of vast proportions. Perhaps the most important department is that of the forges, contained in a shed covering no less than 12 hect. (29·654 acres). Here every operation connected with the forging of iron is carried on, 68 steam-hammers and 672 machines of various kinds being set in motion by 85 steam-engines. With respect to the steam-hammers, some of which are truly colossal, it is due to our neighbours to state that they claim the invention of this most important machine for their countryman M. Boindon. This gentleman took out a patent for its construction in

April 1842; whereas Mr. Nasmyth, to whom the invention is generally attributed, did not, as they say, take out his patent in England until June in that year, having, moreover, visited Le Creusot between the above months. The shed containing the works for the construction of locomotives and other steam-engines, iron bridges, pontoons, &c., is scarcely inferior in extent to that devoted to the forges. It contains 37 steam-hammers and 567 machines of various kinds. Here I saw locomotives in the course of construction for nearly all the States of Europe; those for Russia being remarkable for their colossal size and ingenious arrangement, by which coal or wood may be burnt at pleasure. It is not a little irritating to see these engines, all of which would probably, a few years ago, have been turned out of English workshops. And, looking at Watt's cylinder from England—which largely helped Le Creusot in its infancy—one thought of the feather which, falling from the eagle's wing, enabled the archer to kill the bird.

But my wounded patriotism was somewhat healed by the assurance which I received, from trustworthy authority, that though England has fewer customers for her goods in Europe now than formerly, the loss is more than compensated by the opening

of new markets in other parts of the world. To push our manufactures to the uttermost ends of the earth is at once the business and the pride of our merchants. When, during the war in China, our troops, who had advanced far into the interior of the country, found, in a small and to us unknown town, bales of Manchester goods, bearing the name of a well-known merchant in that city, the writer heard, on reliable authority, that the merchant was more delighted that his goods had been found in such a remote locality than if he had derived large profits from a venture in Europe.

The capabilities of Le Creusot are now indeed second to no other works of the same nature; and this establishment is able to execute the largest and most elaborate kinds of iron and steel work. That the flourishing condition of Le Creusot is partly due to the enormous supply of iron and coal at its very door, is unquestionable. The coal mine, the main shaft of which is in the very heart of the works, yields 240,000 tons of coal annually; and, judging from the thickness of the stratum and its vast extent, the supply may almost be deemed inexhaustible.

But, with all these local advantages, credit must also be given to the admirable management pre-

vailing through all the departments for the thriving state of Le Creusot. Its large and ever-increasing business must also be ascribed, in a great measure, to the fact that the wages of the skilled workmen are below those received by English operatives of the same class. According to information communicated to me, the wages paid to plate-rollers is 10 francs for ten hours' labour, and first-class workmen receive only 6 francs for the same period of time. The average daily wages of all the workmen is now 3 francs 45 centimes. Low as these wages are, compared with those paid to English artisans in our iron works, the prices of provisions at Le Creusot are such as to enable the operatives to live comfortably within their incomes.

Several excellent and almost gratuitous schools exist in the town—the pay exacted being only 75 centimes per head monthly. Boys are taught reading, writing, grammar, arithmetic, and drawing. Those who manifest intelligence and decided capabilities for mechanics are sent, at the expense of the company, to the High School of Arts et Métiers at Aix, from whence they are drafted to Le Creusot, where their education is completed. The absence of strikes is another

remarkable feature of these works. These suicidal acts, which carry misery into the homes of hundreds of our working classes, are unknown at Le Creusot; as a necessary consequence, the workmen, being in constant employ, are extremely well conducted. From a state document, kindly placed in my hands by a gentleman connected with the works, it appears that, during the fifteen years ending 1867, out of the entire population, exceeding 25,000, only 632 persons were sentenced to punishment for crimes, and these were of a very light nature. Drunkenness, that curse of our country, is very rarely seen at Le Creusot; and in passing through its streets, filled as they sometimes were with workmen returning to their homes from their daily work, on no occasion did I hear such fearful language as almost terrifies a stranger in our manufacturing towns, or witness scenes which make many of our streets little better than preparatory schools of ruffianism; while all enquiries were answered with a courtesy and intelligence which places the population of Le Creusot in a most favourable light.

The physical appearance of the workmen speaks well for the working rules and regulations under which they live. The pains taken by M. Schneider

to make this town as sanitary as possible is apparent, by the absence of disease among the population. Under such favourable circumstances, the assertion made by a resident of Le Creusot, that 'C'est une population qui s'éclaire,' may be safely credited.

CHAPTER VI.

DIJON—LIBRARIES.

Medicine-house of the Soul—France better supplied with Public Libraries than England—'J'ai ma passion'—'Grollieri et Amicorum'—Private Museum—Three score and ten—Farewell to La Cloche.

Not the least among the many advantages of Dijon is that of possessing a good public library, and, if it be true that reading 'maketh a full man,' there is certainly no lack of the means of obtaining this mental fulness in Dijon. 'Happy beyond all rivers is the Seine,' said a learned Parisian, whose chief delight was in the study of books, 'for it flows between fourteen rich and ancient libraries.'

France is indeed far ahead of us in the matter of public libraries, for, while we are only commencing to establish these institutions in our principal cities, our neighbours have enjoyed the use of them for many years. And who can estimate

the advantages accruing to a State from the existence of good libraries? Such was the opinion of Osymandyas, King of Egypt, who founded a public library at Thebes,* long before Pisistratus enriched Athens with a similar institution. Osymandyas, we are told, converted one of the chief temples of Thebes into a library, ordered the priests to digest and arrange his collection, and, when this was done, threw it open to the public. The sapient king considered it to be the duty of rulers to provide mental as well as bodily food for their people; and assuredly, although his library has perished, the fame of the king for this good deed will be as enduring as the Pyramids. Who can say how many sons of Greece were made learned and famous by the establishment of Pisistratus's fine library at Athens? The institution of this library forms a signal epoch in the annals of literature, for from this period Attica took the lead of all the provinces of Greece in arts and sciences, and Athens became the school of philosophers, who soon repaid by their teachings and compositions the instruction they had derived from the books contained in the libraries of their city.

* *ἰατρεῖον ψυχῆς*—Medicine-house of the soul (as it was called).

Rome, in the days of her greatness, contained no less than twenty-nine public libraries; and, ere her citizens gave themselves up to sloth and sensuality, the public baths were supplied with books for the use of the bathers. The reproach brought against us by foreigners, of the dearth of public libraries in our country, is unfortunately deserved; for, out of the metropolis, public establishments of the kind are very few and far between. Whereas at Dijon, with a population of only 30,000, there is a library containing 90,000 volumes, dozens of towns in England, with a population far exceeding that of Dijon, have no public libraries at all.

The Dijon library is contained in the ancient college of the Jesuits, a large edifice with a spacious quadrangle, upon which the rooms look. Among the eminent men educated in this building when it belonged to the Jesuits were Bossuet, Crebillon, Piron, and Buffon, statues of whom may be seen in the library.

A large room is devoted to the use of readers, provided with comfortable desks and chairs, and here, as I was informed, about thirty persons come daily to consult and read books.

By the kindness of M. Guignard, the present

learned and courteous librarian, I saw the principal literary treasures under his charge; and, during my sojourn at Dijon, I consulted several books on Burgundy. The library is extremely well provided with the best editions of standard English books.

Nor is the literary wealth of Dijon confined to this library. There are gentlemen in that town who possess extensive libraries containing many rare and curious MSS., books which, if they will not lend, they will allow you to look over in their houses: for your true bibliophilogist is chary as regards the lending of his books. It is related that a certain French gentleman well known in the literary world lent Victor Cousin a fine and precious manuscript. After it had been in M. Cousin's possession many months, the proprietor of the MS. requested that it might be returned. No notice having been taken of this, and of several subsequent applications, a friend of the lender called on M. Cousin, assured him that he was in honour bound to return the MS. to its owner, who had a right to it. 'C'est vrai, mon cher,' replied Cousin; 'il a son droit, mais j'ai ma passion.' 'Lend my Symmachus!' Gifanius is reported to have said to his dear friend Gaspar

Schopp, 'I would as soon lend you my wife;' and Scaliger declared that the greatest misfortune which could happen to a man was to lose his books.

Few possessors of a valuable library have the liberal soul of Grollier, who inserted in his famous books 'Grollieri et amicorum.' Some, like the distinguished Magliabecchi, of whom it may be said that he dined upon prose, and drank nothing but verse, are ever apparently jealous of their books being read by others.

It is related that Cardinal Passionei, who entertained these selfish feelings with regard to his books, engaged as his librarian a very ignorant man. A visitor to the Cardinal having, not very unnaturally, expressed his surprise at such a proceeding, the Cardinal replied to the effect that his library was his seraglio, and that it was kept by an eunuch who could make no use of it.

The museum at Dijon, with its glorious tombs of the Dukes of Burgundy, is too well known to make any account of it here necessary; but it may not be undesirable to state, that there are some private museums in this town of great interest. That belonging to M. Baudot, a retired avocat, is of surpassing interest, besides a great

number of excellent pictures by the early Flemish and French masters, ivories, faïence, &c., it contains the most remarkable collection of Merovingian relics in existence: among them are a great number of very curious iron breast-plates, buckles, and brooches—some covered with rich tracery, and, in a few cases, encrusted with unpolished gems. A faint idea of the wealth of the Merovingian princes may be formed by their coins, inscribed in some instances with the name of the palaces in which they resided. 'One hundred and sixty of them,' says Gibbon, 'were scattered through France;' and Thierry, in his 'Récits des Territoires mérovingiens,' states that the Princes kept in secret apartments strong boxes filled with coins, jewels, and all precious objects. M. Baudot very kindly allows strangers to see his collection—takes himself great pleasure in acting as cicerone; and indeed, without this aid, your visit would be in a great measure labour lost, as the collection is not catalogued, nor have the objects any explanatory labels attached to them. On expressing my regret to M. Baudot that no catalogue of his treasures existed, and that it was highly desirable one should be made, he replied, 'You are right,

but it consists of more than 20,000 objects; and, alas! I am over seventy.'

To bid farewell to a comfortable inn is always a pang to the traveller, and, with the foreboding that it would be long ere I should again enjoy such comforts as are to be found in the 'Cloche' at Dijon, I shook hands with the obliging landlady and her son, and drove out of the yard to take an early train to St. Florentin. Various visitors to the above hotel remembered by the landlady had made us friends. I cannot but feel grateful to her for her unremitting kindness and attention, which, so far as my experience goes, she extends to all her guests. And, were travellers to make landlords more their friends, and not comport themselves with the overbearing manner common to men who have long purses, that antagonism which unfortunately often prevails between the host and his guests would be in a great measure broken down.

CHAPTER VII.

PONTIGNY.

Huguenot Vandalism—St. Edmund of Canterbury—Asceticism of his Mother—Midnight Visitors—Ill-requited Love—Miracle——Encounter with the Devil—Relics.

AMONG the *agréments* of Burgundy to a traveller is the circumstance that in almost all the towns and villages small vehicles can be hired at a moderate charge. Leaving my impedimenta at the station of St. Florentin, I hired a char-à-bancs in the neighbouring town, and, while it was being prepared, visited the church, remarkable for a very curious interlacing double staircase and some good painted glass; there are also some interesting tombs. Further researches were interrupted by the driver announcing that the char-à-bancs was ready, and, taking the seat by his side, we started for Pontigny, a distance of about fourteen miles. The country is very pleasing, and not unfrequently picturesque. The object of the excursion was to

see the church of Pontigny—all, unfortunately, that now remains of the vast abbey, famous as having been the residence of many eminent monks, among whom are names renowned in the roll of English prelates.

Protestants, as a rule, will be unwilling to censure the conduct of the Huguenots, who, sorely persecuted, turned on their persecutors when occasion offered (sometimes with such fury that, as the chronicler says, 'France s'est trouvé fort mal de les avoir fatigués,' an expression pregnant with meaning); at the same time, even the strictest Protestants, to whom all graven images are an abomination, cannot but deplore that the Huguenots, in their mad desire to be revenged for wrongs and injuries, should have not only been terrible iconoclasts, but also the destroyers, in many cases, of God's holy houses. The damage done by them on the religious edifices of France can scarcely be exaggerated. But while streets in French towns still bear the name of Renard, in consequence of Huguenots having been hunted down with the cry 'Au renard!' and afterwards massacred, we must feel the less surprise to see many buildings ruined by them. The sanctity of the house of God, as we know, failed often to stay

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their spoiling hand, yet evidently it was not without its influence. Thus at Pontigny, as elsewhere, while the abbey was quite devastated by these people, the church in a great measure escaped. Not, it is true, because it was respected, but the fury of the Huguenots does not seem to have been so concentrated upon it, as on the abbey building. Be this as it may, while of the former scarcely a vestige remains, the church still stands, a grand monument of the religious zeal of the twelfth century, and certainly one of the finest ecclesiastical edifices in France.

The abbey of Pontigny is more associated with our great English saint, Edmund of Canterbury, than with Becket. The biography of St. Edmund, as written by his great friend and secretary, Bertrand, abbot of Pontigny, is extremely curious, and a knowledge of its principal features adds considerably to the interest of a visit to Pontigny. He was the son of Reynold Rich, a tradesman at Abingdon, who, influenced by religious zeal, forsook trade and the world, and entered the monastery of Everton as a lay monk; his son Edmund, so named because he was born on St. Edmund the Martyr's day, his mother regarding this circumstance as a portent, was trained by both

parents, from almost infancy, to ascetic habits. For Rich's wife had not only consented to part from her husband by his being a monk, but so entirely approved of asceticism that, not content with frequent fastings, she further mortified the body by wearing a hair-cloth garment next to her skin, and, in order that the bristles might thoroughly do their uncomfortable duty, she wore another garment over the hair, consisting of a kind of chain-mail coat, in which two plates of iron were inserted, in order to render bending of the body extremely painful, her skin being kept in a constant state of irritation by the bristles of the hair being pressed upon it by the chain-mail coat. Thus spiritually armed, she made it known that she was prepared to do battle against all temptations, no matter what form they assumed. That she succeeded in gaining a reputation for sanctity is evident, for she is styled in her epitaph Mabylia, 'the flower of widows.'

In order that Edmund might be fitted to enter the Church, he was sent to study in the schools of Paris, and was provided with a small sum of money. His mother believed that, if he turned out well, God would surely provide for him, and that a heavy purse would be more likely to be

injurious to him than beneficial. A hair shirt was not, however, forgotten, and the lad was not only charged to wear it continually, but also to observe a bread and water fast unfailingly on Wednesdays and Fridays. Thus disciplined, Edmund went to Paris. Soon after his arrival there strange things happened to him; he saw visions at midnight hours. Our Lord appeared one night, standing by the side of his pallet, and commanded him to trace with his finger the words 'Jesus of Nazareth' upon his forehead; by so doing he would become holy, and escape what true Christians prayed against. Subsequently the blessed Virgin Mary appeared before him; she took him under her special protection. Shortly after the youth took a vow of chastity, being, as he stated, espoused to the Virgin; accompanying the spiritual ceremony by putting a ring on her finger. The efficacy of this act became quickly evident. A young and beautiful girl unfortunately fell in love with him; failing by words to cool her passion, he requested the damsel to come secretly into his chamber. The poor unsuspecting maid, encouraged by the thought that she had at length melted his hard heart, was true to the assignation. He bade her, if she loved him, uncover her

shoulders. She did so, when, grasping a whip which he had secreted, he flogged her so severely that she fainted with the agony; but he affirmed, when recounting the story, the pain was a wholesome medicine to her soul.

Miracles were now performed by him. While preaching to a multitude in the open air, heavy rain, which was falling on his congregation, ceased at his command. He could kindle a flame by pronouncing the name of the Virgin, and even heal diseases by making the sign of the cross.

But according to his account, these miracles could only be wrought when he observed the strictest asceticism. The plain hair shirt, given to him by his mother, not being in his opinion sufficiently painful, he had one made, in which knots were ingeniously wrought; so that they should bore with the bristles into his flesh, being kept close to his body, by a horsehair rope, which was wound round it. He also wore drawers and stockings of horsehair, and when he went abroad gloves of the same material. The comfort of a bed, or even rude pallet, he entirely scorned. He fought against sleep as long as possible, and when he could no longer hold out, he merely reclined his head upon a table. Ablution he considered

wholly unnecessary. 'If I keep my soul pure and clean,' he was wont to observe, 'of what consequence is it whether my body is foul or clean?' But, although thus kind to those insects to whom cleanliness is fatal, they do not appear to have tormented him. And their absence was regarded as another proof of his great sanctity. But notwithstanding his holy life, like other saints he had occasional grievous tussles with the Devil. One is particularly recorded in his biography, in which he was nearly worsted. Having failed on one occasion to observe all the religious duties which he had imposed on himself, his Satanic majesty suddenly appeared before him, in fearful hideousness. Edmund, terribly scared by the apparition, endeavoured to make the sign of the cross with his right hand; but as he had failed to make it on his forehead the previous night, the Devil gripped the hand. He then endeavoured to make the sign with his left hand, but this was again foiled: the Devil grasped this hand also, and, according to the saint, was about putting an end to his life, when his supplications were heard, and suddenly the Devil was plucked from him, and fell on the floor. On seeing his enemy prostrate, Edmund took courage, and seizing him by the

throat, made him declare, before he let him go, what adjuration had the greatest effect on him. Here again the biographer is at fault: the adjuration is not given; and thus the great experience gained in this instance by St. Edmund is lost to mankind.

Such were a few of the spiritual adversities that befell the son of the Abingdon tradesman. So holy a man was not likely to be overlooked. He became canon of Salisbury cathedral, was raised from that station to the primacy of England in 1231, and finally canonised as St. Edmund of Canterbury. The abbey of Pontigny, which from him was called St. Edmund's, became one of the largest in France. Various relics of the saint were sent to Pontigny after his death. The monks caused a shrine to be constructed to receive them. It attracted for many years thousands of devotees, who came from far and near to do honour to the saint. Rich offerings were made, and in a few years the abbey of Pontigny became one of the wealthiest monastic institutions in France. The shrine we have seen is still in the church, but the jewels which adorned it are gone. Although neither Canterbury nor Salisbury can boast the possession of any relics of St. Edmund, he is

intimately associated with the ecclesiastical history of our country; and for this reason Pontigny is endowed with more than ordinary interest. And notwithstanding the fact, that undoubtedly the great light of this once famous abbey was St. Edmund, it was the home of many other holy men, whose ashes have mingled long since with the earth over which we now walk. Such thoughts hallow Pontigny.

More sweet than odours caught by him who sails
Near spicy shores of Araby the Blest,
A thousand times more exquisitely sweet,
The freight of holy feeling which we meet,
In thoughtful moments, wafted by the gales,
From fields where good men walk'd, or bowers wherein they rest.

CHAPTER VIII.

TANLAY CHÂTEAU.

Frenchmen not lovers of Country Life—No Admittance—Tour de la Ligue—Curious Fresco—Corinthian Grape—Bridal Party.

If the great proprietors of Burgundy do not take kindly to country life, it is certainly not for want of suitable houses to dwell in. Burgundy still possesses many castles, and in this respect presents a pleasant contrast to other parts of France, where castles are few and far between. Guizot, in his 'Histoire de la Civilisation en France,' states that the soil of France was formerly covered with castles, but that, having become formidable to Government, they were destroyed.* It is very remarkable how many decrees were issued against

* It will be remembered that the castles of many of the nobility in England met with a similar fate. We are told, that of the 1,115 castles that existed in this country in the reign of Henry II., a large proportion were demolished, in consequence of their having become receptacles of robbers, who committed horrible outrages on unoffending persons, in order to make them reveal their treasures.

them, between 1790–94. Several castles in Burgundy fell, but happily some still remain—vast picturesque buildings for the most part, many surrounded by running water, and standing in extensive parks. But, habitable as they generally are, their owners seldom make them their home. To condemn a Parisian to live through the greater part of the year in a château, though the architecture were splendid, and the locality charming, would be to condemn him to great misery. Thus, while comparatively small castles in Burgundy, appertaining to Lyons merchants, are, as we have seen, inhabited during the summer and autumn, the large castles which would rejoice the hearts of our English gentlemen are rarely occupied. The reason given by Sterne, for the absence of resident country-gentlemen in France, holds good in a great measure still—because in that kingdom, he writes, no man has any country interest to support: the little interest of any kind which any man has anywhere in it is concentrated in the court and the looks of the Grand Monarch, by the sunshine of whose countenance, or the clouds which pass across it, every Frenchman lives or dies. It cannot be said now, that every Frenchman is so enraptured with the Court of the Tuileries, as to make

it his god; but it is quite true, that 'le mal de Paris' oppresses those who are obliged to live out of that capital, and that the possession of a splendid country-house, with ample means to keep it up, offers no inducement to the French gentleman to live out of his darling Paris. The castle of Tanlay is a case in point. Of palace-like proportions, abounding in what we should call comfortable rooms, and situated in a pleasant and even charming country, it is never honoured by the presence of its owner; who, according to local gossip, prefers humble quarters in Paris to the country home of his ancestors. Having heard much of the grandeur of the castle, I resolved on paying it a visit. Arriving near the village of Tanlay, I enquired of a peasant the road to the castle. 'You are on it,' he replied, 'but you will find no one in the castle; it has been shut up for many years.' Continuing my walk, I came presently to the village, when, at a turn in the road, the full and magnificent front of the castle appeared suddenly before me. Passing over the bridge which spans the moat, I rang the bell of the lodge; through which entrance to the great court is gained. The clanging sound woke many echoes, which rose and fell, and died away, in galleries

and corridors surrounding the court, but no human being answered the summons: a second and a third attempt to bring some one to the gate were alike unavailing; and I was on the point of turning away, when a woman who lived in a part of an adjoining building made her appearance. To my question whether the castle was shown, she replied in the negative; that M. le Marquis had sent stringent orders from Paris, that no one was to be admitted to see it.

Thus repulsed, I retraced my steps, and recrossing the moat, sought a locality from whence I obtained a good view of the building. Here I set up my sketching-stool, and had just commenced a sketch of the castle when a man accosted me.

'Did Monsieur wish to see the castle?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'but I am informed that it is not shown.' 'Who gave Monsieur this information?' On stating my authority, the concierge (for such was his office) rapped out a very angry oath, followed by epithets by no means complimentary to the woman, who had answered my bell-ringing: he then assured me that he would be most happy to show me the interior of the castle, it being his business to act as guide to visitors. I am led to

state these facts, for the benefit of those who may come after me.

The architecture of the greater portion of this pile is of the Renaissance order. The oldest part was built by Guillaume de Montmorenci in 1520, but by far the largest portion by a brother of the Admiral Coligny in 1559. The vast façade is flanked by two wings. Within in the handsome rooms, the very atmosphere of which is dank and mouldy, as you are ushered from one apartment to another, you become weary with the monotony of their sculptured fire-places, their massive tables, and their bookcases, filled with volumes, the rich bindings of which are now covered with the dust of years. But there is more of interest to be seen; you follow the concierge up a staircase carried through one of the towers, and, on arriving at the top, he ushers you into a very singular chamber, and you are told that you have ascended the "Tour de la Ligue,' and that the room is that in which the leaders of that society were in the habit of meeting. The cicerone is right. In that small room, on the upper story of the castle, assembled Admiral Coligny and other sturdy Protestants, who recognised him as their leader. A curious fresco covering the ceiling of

this small chamber represents, under the disguise of the gods of Olympus, the persons who took the most prominent part in the political and religious events of that period. Catharine de Medicis, who joined heart and soul in persecuting the Huguenots, and who, after Coligny's death, ordered his head to be sent to the Pope, as the most acceptable present she could make to the Holy Father, is portrayed in the fresco as Juno, but with a double face ;* Catharine's son, Charles IX., appears as Pluto, Condé as Mars. Round the room are a series of curiously constructed recesses in the walls, communicating with each other, apparently for the purpose of concealment. And this, according to the porter, who is full of the legends attached to the history of the castle, was their use. The unfortunate Admiral spent some days in this castle, before he fell into the trap laid for him in Paris, which terminated his existence, and that of his party. Having now seen all worthy of note in

* The artist must have been well versed in the life of Saturn's daughter. For while one face represents her as she may have appeared when, by marriage with Jupiter, she became queen of all the gods, and mistress of heaven and earth, the other face is a type of bad passions, aroused in her by the decision of Paris to give the golden apple to Venus, in preference to herself: or when, after the perpetration of terrible cruelties on Hercules, Jupiter suspended her from the heavens, by a golden chain.

the interior of the castle, I accompanied the porter into the gardens. There I found several vines, bearing the Corinthian grape, which is held in the greatest esteem for the table; the pulp is very agreeable to the taste, and possesses the great recommendation of being pipless. Large quantities of grapes, the produce of these gardens, are sent by rail to the Paris markets.

If you have time to spare, a walk through the home park, and by the side of a canal-like lake, fed by an artificial waterfall, will repay you. Here I came in for a thoroughly French scene; as a bridal party preceded by a small band of music, more remarkable for the noisy nature of the instruments than for their harmony, entered the park, and proceeding to a place free from trees, where the sward was level, commenced dancing with wonderful vigour, though the temperature was so oppressive, as to incline one more to perfect repose than to exertion. The bride, a comely girl, apparently still in her teens, was arrayed in a white silk dress. Her husband, with whom she danced, displayed the village tailor's highest art: his coat was of light blue, his trowsers inclined to orange, and the waistcoat was a very mosaic of bright hues. By the girls present,

for whom, on such occasions, a bridegroom is always an object of the deepest interest, the youthful benedict was evidently considered to be dressed in the best taste. Following close on the bridal party came a waggon, containing a small barrel of wine, together with sundry dainties for the party; indeed so liberal were the entertainers, that I was requested to partake of the feast. The greatest happiness seemed to prevail. As the dancers of all ages whirled round, I was reminded of Goldsmith's lines describing such a scene :—

> To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
> I turn; and France displays her bright domain;
> Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
> Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please.
> Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
> And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour,
> Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
> Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
> And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,
> Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

To my enquiry as to the social position of the bridegroom, I was informed that he was a 'menuisier' of Tanlay, and that his bride was the daughter of the épicier of the village.

Fortunately the women in Burgundy, among the lower classes, from all that I heard, are better treated than those of the same class in

Brittany. Contempt of women is amongst the most flagrant of the Breton's faults; and much of this rough behaviour on his part to his wife, is attributable to drunkenness, which is one of his vices. Fire-water, in the form of strong bad brandy, is largely indulged in by the Breton; whereas the Burgundian, in his soft land, drinks only the juice of his prolific vine, and that not to excess.

CHAPTER IX.

AUXERRE.

Olden Times—Mine Host—The Cathedral—Comfortable Dwellings—Chapel of Our Lady—Cyclone—Images Overthrown—Tourte—Clerical Football, and Dancing—Antiquity of French Towns—Le Feu sacré—The Patient Fisherman—'Wine of the King'—Halle aux Vins.

From La Roche we travel by a branch line to Auxerre, where at this date railways end; and is it not a pleasant feeling, in this age, when England is seamed by iron lines, to arrive at the terminus of a railway? I am one of those who hold that railroad locomotion is not travelling, in the true sense of the word; though Octave Feuillet was doubtless right when he said, 'Il y a des gens assez bêtes pour trouver ça amusant.'

At Auxerre you seem indeed to fall back on olden times; ponderous diligences are in waiting at the stations, bound to towns in West Burgundy whose names painted on the panels you are not familiar with, and the people whom you meet

are, as it appears to you, of a different type to those you have left behind in more bustling Dijon.

We have a long journey before us in one of those lazy diligences; but not just yet, for Auxerre is not a place to see *à l'œil d'oiseau*. Long before your train comes to rest, if a lover of cathedrals your eye will be arrested by the glorious fabric which crowns one of the hills on which Auxerre is built; and looking on its majestic windows, deep porches, and grand battlemented towers, soaring in serene sublimity above the surrounding buildings, you feel that that grand cathedral is not to be done, in a poor few minutes, but that, if you mean to add it to the architectural treasures in the storehouse of memory, hours if not days must be devoted to it. And so, intending to do this, we drive in a queer little omnibus to the 'Léopard' on the quay, and securing a room, the windows of which command the Yonne, are at home in Auxerre. The afternoon is before us, but before we go out, in accordance with our custom, we ask for the bureau, intent on making acquaintance with mine host. 'You will find him,' said the *fille*, 'in the kitchen.' Thither I repaired, and there, ensconced behind a capacious desk, covered

with books and papers, I found the landlord. To my question whether this was the bureau, he replied, 'Yes, for here I can have my eye on the book and on the cook at the same time. My mother,' he added, 'sat here for twenty years, and here I have kept the "Léopard" for fifty.'

A pattern landlord indeed was mine host, and learned too withal. I found him well acquainted with Auxerre and its antiquities, and I am indebted to him for some information which appears in the following pages.

Having ordered my dinner, I sallied forth to see the lions of the town. Of course my steps were directed in the first instance to the cathedral. In whatever part of the town you may be, you cannot well miss it, for it soars aloft, a huge flower of exquisitely sculptured stone. A narrow street from the quay leads to the south side of the cathedral; and I confess, when I stood before the deeply recessed porch, encrusted with a multitude of figures, and surmounted by a huge rose window set in a very wilderness of Gothic traceries, I felt as if I had come upon a grand poem in stone, the opening of which was before me. For you will do well to bear in mind, when studying cathedrals, that they are often symbolical of a celestial hierarchy.

Grand Lincoln Cathedral is a fine example of this. In the metrical life of St. Hugh, to whom we are indebted for the magnificent edifice, we are told that the white squared stones represent pure and wise churchmen. The dark marble was the church the spouse, the polish setting forth her simplicity, the brightness her morality, and the darkness her ceaseless toil and labour. The long ranges of windows, above and below, were the different ranks of clergy: the circular windows in the transept the two eyes of the church, represented by the bishops and deacons. The bishops look towards the east, the quarter of the Holy Spirit, as though inviting his influence; the deacons towards the north, the region of the Devil, in order to watch his advances. In this manner the whole fabric and material of the church is symbolical. And what renders these edifices the more remarkable, is the fact that, while they unite great sublimity with all the beauties of variety and form, and in many cases considerable mechanical genius, the domestic dwellings of the people were, as a rule, small and of a very miserable description. Hallam, in his 'Middle Ages,' states, as the result of his researches among French authors, that no mention is made of what we should call comfort-

able dwellings in France before the reign of Charles VII., and very few of so early a date. And even in the sixteenth century, when more commodious mansions were built, the name of château was not given to them without a meaning. Fortified castles were the homes of warriors and the possessors of alodial estates, but, in their construction, safety was more considered than convenience.

To return to the cathedral. Its exquisite beauty was greatly enhanced by the tender brown hue of the stone, the prominences of which were touched by the afternoon sun, while the recesses of the portals were dark and mysterious. These are filled by no less than forty-two different subjects, among which the martyrdom of St. Étienne is very conspicuous. Looking at these sculptures, carved with exquisite delicacy and grace, it is no wonder that the work should have occupied ten years.

But so it was in olden time, when operatives were not mere machines, obeying mechanical laws, but, free to work out artistic thoughts, threw their whole souls into their labour. Above the central porch stood, for three centuries, a famous image of the Virgin, known as Notre Dame des Vertus;

before which the inhabitants prayed. It was destroyed by the Huguenots in 1567, who unfortunately made sad havoc with all the buildings in Auxerre. A portion of the chapel dedicated to the Virgin still remains; it abuts upon the vast building to the south-west. The angle is laid out in a pleasant garden belonging to one of the canons' houses. The gate leading into the garden being partly open, I ventured to open it wider, in order to obtain a better view of the chapel. Greater results than I expected arose. The motion of the gate liberated a string which set a loud bell ringing violently; before it had ceased a servant came out of the house, followed by an ecclesiastic.

'What was Monsieur's business?' On stating that curiosity more than business had brought me there, and how it came to pass that the bell was rung, the priest, who was the *curé* of the cathedral, offered at once to show me over the chapel, lamenting, at the same time, that so little of its former beauty remains. The façade indeed is all that exists of what must have once been a gem of great architectural beauty; and in order to see the rich tracery and sculpture on this, you must push aside a great leafy curtain of Virginian

creeper, the leaves of which, at the time of my visit, had changed from green to crimson and gold, as if they had imbibed the hues of the western sun which streamed full upon them.

So lovely was nature that you were puzzled to say whether the gorgeous screen was not more beautiful than the sculptures that it veiled.

'You are surprised, doubtless,' said the *curé*, 'that this creeping plant is not removed. The reason is, we hope soon to restore the chapel, when, of course, the façade will be cleared of the vegetation now clinging to it; and until that day arrives, I for one would rather see the perfect plant, than the wreck of the chapel of our blessed Lady. Ah, Monsieur, those Huguenots were terrible fellows! See what havoc they wrought on our cathedral.'

There was no denying the fact; but, stirred by feelings of Protestantism, I exclaimed, 'The Huguenots were not the only church spoilers. Look at the mischief done by Roman Catholics during the Revolution.' 'True,' replied the *curé*, 'but they were mad, and drunk with blood.' But he added, apparently anxious to change the subject, 'pray tell me is it true, that half your clergy, seeing the error of their ways, have em-

braced the true faith? I hear such is the case, and I assure you few things have given me greater pleasure than this intelligence.' The question was by no means new. For many years, when on the Continent, has the same query been put to me, and the *curé* of Auxerre, like many of his ecclesiastical brethren, was very willing to believe that England was rapidly changing her Protestant character. Further conversation with the *curé* made me aware that he held very erroneous views respecting the so-called ritualistic movement in England. When lighted candles are placed on the altar, incense burned, or water mixed with the Eucharistic wine, there, in the opinions of French priests, has Protestantism given place to Roman Catholicism.

Though the exterior of the cathedral of Auxerre has been greatly damaged, the interior is happily extremely perfect. It is indeed magnificent. One hundred and ten feet intervene between the floor and the vaulted roof of the nave and choir, and the pillars of the former are seventy-nine feet in height. Glorious rose and other windows, filled with splendid painted glass, light the vast interior, the length of which is 368 feet. A huge organ occupies the space between the western

gallery and the great rose window; as a rule, it is only played on *fête* days, the small choir organ being used on Sundays. It was however my good fortune to hear it, and in this wise. A few days before my visit to Auxerre, a storm or rather cyclone burst on the city. It commenced at night-fall, just as the vergers were about locking the doors of the cathedral. The local papers stated that these men rushed out of the building in terror, having, as they declared, seen the Devil in lines of fire depicted on the lofty roofs. Leaving the cathedral to its fate, they rushed home.

In the morning it was found that the great doors in the west portal, though secured by ponderous locks and bars, had been burst open, and the chairs, which had been standing in rows through the nave, were heaped in a most curious manner on each other. Images, mostly of a light nature, were overthrown, altar cloths hurled to distant parts of the cathedral, and what was even more curious, the pavement, throughout a large area of the building, was covered to the depth of half an inch with sand. The grand windows fortunately escaped, and with the exception of one stone dislodged from a lofty cornice, no material damage was done. Under these circumstances it

was not surprising that the Bishop had ordered a solemn Te Deum to be sung, as a grateful thanksgiving for the preservation of the cathedral.

That the account of this tempest was not exaggerated I soon had evidence. For, although it seems to have spent its greatest fury on Auxerre and its immediate neighbourhood, the country between that town and Avallon bore marks of its fury. An extensive wood about ten miles from Avallon was literally almost entirely destroyed, large trees having been uprooted, and others broken in twain; while the sides of the roads for many miles were strewn by branches of poplars.

No wonder that so grand and fair a cathedral as that of Auxerre should enjoy various privileges, and that the bishopric attached to it should be one of the great ecclesiastical prizes of the Roman Catholic Church in France. It appears to have been fortunate in its bishops, who, according to ecclesiastical chroniclers, were many of them great and pious men. Among the prerogatives of these prelates, is a right to be carried Papal fashion into the cathedral on the day of their installation, by barons of Burgundy. Several bishops in the ages when the Church was powerful were thus honoured, but it is unnecessary to

say that the custom has long fallen into disuse. The chapter is composed of a dean, fifty-one canons, and seven prebendaries, who still bear the local name of tortriers, from tortâ, a 'tourte, ou petit pain; les prébendes ayant une tourte plus petite que les chanoines.' The profane 'fête des fous' was celebrated for a long time in the cathedral of Auxerre, as was also the rarer *fête* known as 'Pila' or 'Pelote.' It consisted in the canons playing football on Easter Day, immediately before vespers, in the nave of the cathedral, the last appointed canon having to provide the ball, and, what was doubtless esteemed more highly, a supper at his expense, which was partaken of by his brother canons. It is further stated, that when the football match was over, the canons danced round the nave, to the amusement, if not to the edification, of the citizens, who crowded to the cathedral to witness and to join in the revelry. Strange as all this appears, we must not forget that even worse scenes were enacted in our old St. Paul's at this period. Should our reader be curious to inform himself on the subject, we have but to refer him to Milman's 'Annals of St. Paul's Cathedral.'

Being very desirous that this little work should

not infringe on guide-book ground, I shall not attempt to describe the other churches of Auxerre. All are interesting—St.-Germain, St.-Pierre, and St.-Eusèbe — especially the latter, which dates from 1160; it is undergoing a thorough restoration, happily without subjecting it, like many buildings undergoing this process, to the cruel martyrdom of the Apostle Bartholomew.

How, bearing in mind that Auxerre was five times sacked, and seven times more or less destroyed by fire, any ancient buildings should remain is astonishing. That portions of the Roman walls, and two of the ten towers built by these people should stand, is not so surprising, for the Romans built strongly, and nowhere in Gaul more strongly than at Auxerre. There are several shops and dwelling-houses scooped out of the walls in one part of the city, the mason work of which is quite perfect; and here, by the way, it may be remarked that, while France as a nation has undergone many changes, having been the theatre for ages of wars from within, and of civil disturbances from without, the majority of her cities and large towns have lived on uninterruptedly from the days of Cæsar until now.

Thus the majority of the French towns can be traced back with great clearness.

The Gaulish hill fort became a Roman town; Christianity next appears on the scene, and the name of some eminent saint or bishop becomes connected with it; but through all these phases the town, as a rule, retains either its own Celtic name, or the name of the Celtic tribe of which it was the home.

Archæologists are ever trying to dispel the gloom which obscures their early history. Auxerre is a case in point. Originally a Celtic town bearing the name of Auceure, it was known in the time of the Roman domination as Civitas Autesiodurum, and when it passed under the dominion of Clovis it was called Auxerre, thus retaining to this day its original Celtic name.

Very different is the story of English cities and towns. Very few of them have had a continuous existence from British, or even Roman, times.

The archæologist and sketcher will find many interesting old houses and towers in Auxerre; some of the watch-towers attached to the old walls remain. Strange to say, not a photograph is to be found of them, nor of the cathedral. Sketchers, too, must be rare, judging from the crowds that gathered round me when I sat down on my

sketching-stool. In a small street near the Yonne I came on a very ancient house, highly decorated with stone carving ; for the most part, however, in a very ruinous condition. The house evidently has gone down in the world, for it is now tenanted by numerous artisans, who occupy one or more rooms in it. Sitting down to sketch it brought out some of the lodgers, one of whom informed me that the house belonged formerly to the order of St. Antoine, and that it was a kind of hospital for the cure of 'La maladie du feu ;' further information on this point he was unable to give me. Anxious to know what this 'feu' disease was, I made a note on the subject, and researches into a work on Burgundy enables me to state, that in the fourteenth century Burgundy and other provinces of France were afflicted by a plague called 'le feu sacré,' which appears to have burnt those parts of the body which it attacked, causing, as may be imagined, great agony. The disease gave rise to the 'ordre des Antonins.' This community had houses in various towns in Burgundy, and devoted much time to the relief of those afflicted with the pest.

From the river banks near the bridge there is a glorious view of the cathedral towering over the

town. All through the day, men, women, and children were fishing in the Yonne from the quays, not, so far as my observation went, with any great success; but it is astonishing how patient a Frenchman is (excitable though his temperament is supposed to be) when he has a fishing-rod in his hand. You doubtless remember how the Parisian will stand for hours, on the banks of the Seine, in hopes of catching a miserable little *goujon*; and you must also remember how delighted he is when the capture is effected. It may be that the Frenchman finds this very weak description of angling a break to the ennui, of which he has generally a profound horror. However this may be, I know not, but it is certain that in all French provincial towns through which a river runs, you will see the citizens, young and old, absorbed for hours in fishing, though the fish rarely exceed minnows in size.* A considerable

* Waltonians may be interested to learn that although the well-known treatise of *Fysshynge wyth an Angle* published in the second edition of the book of St. Albans, in 1496, is the earliest substantive treatise on the sport extant in Europe, Mr. Westwood states, in *Notes and Queries* (Nov. 21, 1868), that there exists in the French language a rhythmical record of various phases of the *ars piscatoria* of still more remote origin. It is to be found in a poem entitled *Les dernières amours d'Ovide*, supposed to have been written about the fourteenth century. The passage on fishing is headed, *Comment*

wine-shipping trade is carried on at Auxerre; the barges used for this trade are extremely picturesque, and the men employed on them wear garments of a peculiar green, which tells admirably in a sketch. These vessels go down the Yonne to Paris, and deliver their precious cargoes at the 'Halle aux Vins,' for which establishment, by the way, the Parisians are mainly indebted to the influence of Burgundy merchants and wine-growers, who broke down the monopoly in the sale of wine in the metropolis. This monopoly limited the sale of wine to the king, nobility, and high ecclesiastics, and it was cried through the streets 'Wine of the King,' 'Wine of the Nobility,' and 'Wine of the Convent of——,' &c. Down to the middle of the seventeenth century, the wines of Burgundy were sold in the same boats or barges in which they had been conveyed from that province, but in 1656 Louis XIV. granted the wine merchants authority to build a 'halle aux vins,' on the understanding that the profits arising from the sale of the wines were to be divided between the hospitals of Paris

Ovide tendait aux poissons, and distinctly shows that more than a century before the book of St. Albans was published, and thus upwards of five hundred years ago, fishing was practised in France with bait, fly, night lines, &c., much the same as we use at the present day.

and the nobles. This halle stood on the Quai St.-Bernard, and was used until 1811, when the present halle was commenced by Napoleon I. It encloses fourteen hectares, and contains 158 cellars on the level of the ground, 49 beneath it, and 428 small chambers (*travées*) for the storing of brandy. The rent is 8 francs the square yard for the cellars, at which rate the income for 1867 was 600,000 francs.

CHAPTER X.

FROM AUXERRE TO AVALLON.

Fossils—Vintagers—The 'Grappillage'—'J'ai 50 écus'—Steam Horse—'Place aux Militaires'—Sanguinary Battle—Privilege of the House of Chastellux—The Church Militant—Philippe le Bon—Good Road—Limestone Caverns—Sour Grapes—Bats—Stalactites—Highlands of Burgundy.

THE man who ten years hence is whirled from Auxerre to Avallon, along a railway—now in progress—will have little idea of the lovely country existing between those towns. Seldom have I been more convinced that to conquer time and space as we do by railway travelling, is in many instances but a sorry victory after all: for, as a deep thinker and powerful writer has said, 'A fool always wants to shorten space and time: a wise man wants to lengthen both;' and it is not so much conquering that space and time require as using profitably. Considerably to the astonishment of the book-keeper at the Dijon office—who asserted with great emphasis, that Monsieur

would be better in the rotunde than in the *banquette*—I mounted to the latter; and, as the cathedral clock was booming 10 A.M. we rattled out of Auxerre.

The rocks in this part of Burgundy, I may state, abound in fossils of the lias and graphite limestone; and you have but to examine the stone heaps at the side of the road, to find many species. Our journey will take us through several interesting scenes associated with the wars of the bold Dukes of Burgundy. And here we may observe, that if you wish to travel to profit in this part of France, you must forsake beaten tracks, and explore regions where Murray will give you little help. Many of the great events of Burgundian history took place in localities far removed from railways and high roads. Our route follows for some miles the windings of the Yonne, but at a sufficient height above the river to obtain a good view of the country. Occasionally, however, when the Yonne becomes very sinuous, the road is carried through tunnels piercing the limestone hills, and most beautiful they are. You know how charmingly nature colours limestone, with her inexhaustible stores of oxide of iron; and here the rocks glow with rich hues, and are

draped by a bewildering variety of wild trailing plants, which relieve the stiffness of the tufted vines. For the hill slopes have been turned into vineyards; but the vintage is over; yet see how full of life is that vineyard-mantling the hill-side, near yon village. Why, never surely was a vineyard so thronged by vintagers as that is; and, hark! how they fill the air with their song! Driving onwards, the riddle is explained: the supposed vintagers are soldiers, who have taken advantage of a halt in the village, to go on a gleaning expedition through the neighbouring vineyards, the *grappillage* having commenced.† How merry they were! shouting with joy, like children, when they found a bunch of grapes which had ripened since the vintagers had left, and now uniting their voices and singing some military song. The conscription may have been a heavy blow to them, but, if so, it seems to have been forgotten, for now they are—although they have already made a long march since dawn—running over with fun and mirth, as French soldiers in companionship generally are. But, light-hearted

* Throughout Burgundy, the period when persons are allowed to glean in the vineyards is duly announced by the Maire and authorities of the town, or village.

though they may be, they do not inspire the peasants with any love for military glory. The Burgundian has no desire to become a soldier. In several cottages that I entered, I saw on the walls a print representing a peasant busy among his vines, which are loaded with fruit, an old military, one-legged veteran looking on, exclaiming, 'Nous nous recoltions des lauriers;' to which the *vigneron* replies, 'Ça vous fait une belle jambe.' Military glory possesses but few charms for the Burgundian peasant, though it should culminate in the annexation to France of Prussia itself. He would indeed reply to the war-song of the soldiers in the well-known lines—if he knew them:—

Mes amis, la terre est à moi,
J'ai de quoi
Vivre en roi.
Si l'éclat me tente,
Les honneurs me sont dévolus;
J'ai cinquante écus,
J'ai cinquante écus, de rente.

Contrasting strangely and jarringly with the great beauty and peace of the country, were these soldiers *en route* to Nevers. Only a small portion of their number (four regiments) were in the vineyards. The village was full of them, and as we drove forth, we overtook several hundreds.

The march in some cases had been too much for them. For the footsore and those otherwise incapacitated for walking, carts had been provided; but these, as well as others filled with baggage, were not drawn by horses. By what, then? you will ask. By a huge and powerful locomotive, the habitual work of which is to draw the great stone-crushing rollers used on the roads. But it was now pressed into military service, and with a tail of some fifty carts, was puffing and snorting along the roads in a manner that would probably have frightened horses unused to such a sight out of their wits. For 'place aux dames,' might now in France be substituted, 'place aux militaires.' The change of quarters is a constant source of vexation to innkeepers and others, who are obliged to provide rooms for the officers billeted upon them. The landlord of the principal inn at Vermanton, where we halted to change horses, was in a towering rage because five officers had been billeted on him, whereas he was, as he averred, only obliged to receive one. As the reader may be curious to see what manner of accommodation has to be provided for officers, here is a copy of the 'Règlement' placed in my hand by the above landlord.

HÔTEL DE LA VILLE DE LYON, VILLE DE FONTAINEBLEAU.

Rue Royale, N°. 21.

En exécution du Décret du 23 mai 1792,

M. Rumaine, hôtelier, est requis de loger un officier pour une nuit et jour.

L'Adjoint délégué,
CAUTHION.

Fontainebleau, le 30 juillet 1868.

Décret et règlement des 23 mai 1792, 18 janvier 1793.

ART. 14.—Les logements, qui seront fournis par les habitants, seront composés à raison des différents grades, ainsi qu'il suit:

Celui d'un capitaine, adjudant-major, chirurgien-major, d'un lieutenant et d'un sous-lieutenant, sera d'une chambre avec un lit.

17.—Les lits qui seront fournis par les habitants, dans les logements des officiers, seront garnis d'une housse, d'une paillasse, de deux matelas, ou d'un seul avec un lit de plumes, d'un traversin, de deux couvertures et d'une paire de draps. Chaque chambre à lit sera meublée d'une table, de chaises, d'une armoire ou commode fermant à clef, d'un porte-manteau, d'un pot à eau avec sa cuvette et de deux serviettes.

19.—A l'égard des officiers qui ne feront que passer, leurs hôtes leur donneront, indépendamment des autres ustensiles dont ils auraient besoin pour leur cuisine, place au feu et à la lumière.

Although Chateaubriand says 'La France n'est qu'un soldat,' and certainly the French are by nature and temperament as martial a people as ever, still they have of late become more addicted

to commerce; they are also an educated people, and they appreciate, to its full extent, the enormous waste attending overgrown military establishments. France now pays doubly for what is termed the organisation of her national strength; first in the direct cost of an immense army, and again in the paralysis on enterprise which political suspense occasions. The French are prepared for war, and prepared so completely, that war is thought not improbable; but the preparations and anticipation together are telling, with calamitous effect, on the resources of the country. What a condition must Europe have arrived at, when simple neutrality requires to be defended by hundreds of thousands of soldiers! War, it would seem, never is, but always is to be. Handling, fondling even, the powder barrel, and calculating the effects of its explosion, is an occupation for which Napoleon III. has a predilection, but firing it would be an act from which he apparently recoils; and yet he must be sad when he reflects that France is not the continental Power she once was. The empire is not for peace. It has not justified the first blast of trumpets with which its chief entered the political arena. But neither, on the other hand, is the empire for war. To Europe

generally it means suspense. And as Burke says, 'France, by the mere circumstance of its vicinity to England, has been, and in a degree always must be, an object of our vigilance, either with regard to her actual power, or to her influence, and example.'

The country between Auxerre and Avallon teems with associations in connection with the fierce wars between the Dukes of Burgundy, their English allies, and the Kings of France. The crumbling remains of the once proud fortress of Crevant, on the right bank of the Yonne near Vermanton, marks the site of one of the most bloody battles fought by them, which took place in 1423. The French were on this occasion signally beaten, and Chastellux, who had held the fortress against the enemy for five weeks, was loaded with honours by Duke Philip; and the dean and chapter of the cathedral of Auxerre, to commemorate this glorious victory, ordered that the head of the house of Chastellux should be always an honorary canon of the cathedral, and that he should have the privilege of assisting at all religious offices, fully armed, and holding a falcon in his right hand.

This privilege was exercised by some chiefs of

the house. There is a very curious picture in the museum at Auxerre, representing the performance of high mass in the cathedral; at which a knight in full armour, with a hooded falcon on his right hand, appears standing near the steps of the altar. This doubtless was one of the heads of the house of Chastellux.* Vermanton, halfway between Auxerre and Avallon, suffered terribly during the wars between the French and Burgundians. The English, when allies of the latter, took it in 1358, and held it for many months. At that period, it was a large and important town. The unfortunate inhabitants seem to have been very cruelly treated; and says Buchon,† it was only by keeping the English well supplied with good wine, that they

* The Church militant in those days was no figurative term. It is related that when bishop Hallam attended the council at Constance, summoned to considered the division of Christendom into provinces, a dispute for precedence arose between him and the Spanish bishop of Cuença. High words ensued, when the latter, who was a man of great bodily strength, put an end to the dispute by taking his adversary round the waist, carrying him like a child to the lower end of the church, where the council was assembled, and then casting him into an open grave. Well pleased with what he had done, and yet not perfectly satisfied, as soon as he had returned to his seat he turned to the knight Don Fernandes de Cordova, who was present as a priest, and said, 'I have just committed the Ambassador of England to the dust; see you, as an hidalgo, to what remains to be done to him.'

† *Chroniques nationales françaises.*

were enabled to enjoy peace. Here it was that Philippe le Bon exclaimed to the Chancellor of France, 'Je veulx bien que chacun sçaiche que sy j'euisse voullu, je feusse roi.' No vain boast; for, as is well known, the power of this Duke of Burgundy was enormous. Before his greatness, the royalty of France was but a shadow, and when he instituted the famous Order of the Toison d'or, on the occasion of his marriage with Isabella of Portugal, his court was the most brilliant in Europe. Happily the tide of war has long ebbed from the fair valley of Vermanton, and nought remains to recall the memories of those troubled times, save a ruined tower and the vestiges of the walls that surrounded the town. A new road travelled by the diligence has lately been made between Vermanton and Arcy. Unlike English roads, merely constructed, or relaid with stones, which are delivered over to travellers to be beaten down, this French road was made and rendered, by ponderous iron rollers, perfectly flat and smooth, before it was given up to public use. When will English road surveyors mend their ways in this respect? I am led to mention this new road, because it enables you, if a traveller by the diligence between Auxerre and Avallon, to see

the very extensive limestone caverns in the hills near Arcy. The entrance is close to the village, and being informed by the *conducteur* that the diligence would remain at Arcy for an hour, I obtained the services of a boy, and being furnished with a few candles we set off for the caverns. But my exploration was of a very unsatisfactory nature, for no sooner had we passed through the small door which affords ingress to the cavern, than our candles were extinguished by a multitude of bats, scared apparently by the lights. Of course we relighted our candles, but they were again extinguished in the same manner; and as there seemed no hopes of making any progress, except in darkness, I gave up the undertaking on attaining the end of the first cavern. We are apt in shortcomings to take comfort in the proverb, that sets down what we have failed to obtain as 'sour grapes.' I confess that in this case I consoled myself with the belief that the limestone caverns at Adelsberg, in which I spent a long day, are much finer than those at Arcy. And this I believe is the case; but to all who have not seen the Adelsberg caverns, those at Arcy will prove interesting and curious. Take care, however, to be provided with numerous lights, as otherwise the

bats will spoil your adventure; and it may be desirable further to inform you, that an hour is too short a period of time to enable you to see the finest caverns, which are the most distant from Arcy. The stalactites in the latter are much more brilliant than in the caverns nearest the town, in consequence of being less visited, and thus less exposed to the smoke of candles and torches. As stalactites and stalagmites are the principal beauty of limestone caverns, you will do well to give three or four hours to those at Arcy. I could not hear that that strange animal the proteus had been found in these caverns. Should the mysterious and dark caverns of Arcy possess no interest for you, fair scenes lie near the village, where you may spend an hour very pleasantly. Two ruined castles crown the hill just where the houses of Arcy cluster into sociality. Continuing our journey to Avallon, we find ourselves in the Highlands of Burgundy. The ancient town is approached by a steep hill, up which we slowly toiled; with much whip-cracking we passed through a badly-paved street, and finally stopped at the diligence office.

CHAPTER XI.

AVALLON.

A Celtic City—Honey Pots—'Saucisse'—Intervention of St. Michael—Prayer—'Commis Voyageurs'—Voracity—An Unlucky Cook—Walled Counties—Men of Peace—'Sa Majesté'—'Eau sucrée'—Burning Thirst—Three Strides—Nothing to Pay—The Oldest Church in Burgundy—St. Lazare—Louis XI.—Grand Ceremony—Gloomy Interior—Stone Cross—Sacrifice.

THERE was a charm in the very name, and long before the diligence rumbled into the old town, I felt that Avallon was a place in which one might linger long, and lovingly. It is of Celtic origin, the original name being Aballo; another proof this, of the abiding nature of the names of French towns. According to some antiquarians, Aballo signifies apple, but it is more probable that it alludes to the situation of the town near a deep valley. Medals found in the town bear the inscriptions, 'Avalonem Castrum' and 'Castris Avallons,' and as early as the ninth century, the town figures prominently in the chronicles of that period. And like the majority of other towns in Burgundy,

situated, as Avallon is, on a hill, it was the theatre, for centuries, of internecine wars, having been besieged, sacked, and burnt so frequently, that the unfortunate inhabitants must have come to the conclusion, that war and not peace was the normal state of existence. Almost as ruinous as the sieges which the citizens of Avallon were doomed so often to experience, were the frequent contributions levied on them by the Kings of France and the Dukes of Burgundy, or the presents made to ruling Powers with a view of conciliating them. Sometimes the latter were of a curious nature. Thus in 1513, when Louis XII. visited Avallon, the town, we are told, presented him with fifty crocks of honey, and thirty baskets of sweetmeats, which, added the chronicler, pleased the king so much, that he accorded various privileges to the town. But this sweet present failed to turn adversity from the walls of Avallon, as in 1569 it underwent a terrible siege from the Protestant forces headed by Wolfgang, who, unable to take the town, burnt the faubourgs, and all the neighbouring villages. He also carried off a great quantity of wine, of which he drank so freely as to occasion his death, though many attribute this to the wine being poisoned. Ad-

miral Coligny sent an officer of the name of Barbetti, to ascertain whether this had been done, but the inhabitants refused to give any information on the subject, and kept Barbetti a prisoner within the walls. The latter, probably to save his life, turned monk, and spent much of his time in illuminating religious MSS.

Later still (1592) the town underwent a long and protracted siege, by the forces commanded by Marshal Aumont, when a curious circumstance appears to have saved it from being taken. In order to effect an entrance, a *saucisse*, or petard containing 300 lbs. of gunpowder, was exploded in a drain under the principal gate, bursting open the gates, hurling a large portion 900 feet from the walls,* and effecting a breach in them, sufficiently large to allow the troops to pass. But at the same time the explosion killed several captains of the besieging forces, which appears to have had such a very dispiriting influence on the latter, that they turned their backs on Avallon, and raised the siege. The citizens regarded this as a miraculous intervention on the part of St. Michael, whom some affirmed they saw standing

* A large cross, in commemoration of this event, was erected on the spot where the gate fell.

in an attitude of protection over the breach. Be this as it may, the ecclesiastical authorities of Avallon ordered that annually, on September 28, a religious festival, called La Saucisse, should be held in gratitude for the event.

But the reader will probably have had enough of wars and sieges, which well nigh swept Avallon from the face of the earth. Indeed, how anything in the form of a town should remain, after such events as we have sketched, is most surprising, and we may well excuse the unfortunate citizens when, sorely harassed and in great peril, they saw with the eyes of faith the form of St. Michael interceding in their behalf. But Avallon was by no means singular in its misfortunes. 'Dans la France entière,' says De Barante, writing of this period, 'désolée et livrée aux guerres, il n'y avait qu'un cri pour la paix et pour la fin des discordes déplorables des princes. Dans toutes les églises on entendait cette prière, qui fut composée après : Domine Jesu Christe, parce populo tuo, et ne des regnum Franciæ in perditionem, sed dirige in viam pacis principes.'

Now, on this autumn eve, sitting under the glorious limes which shade the public walk, it is difficult to believe that the Cure, which flows 200

feet below the walls, was often crimson with the blood of men, slaughtered for the greed and ambition of princes. Surely, surely, our world is better than it was!

In striking contrast to the story of the past, as written on the ancient walls of Avallon, was the scene presented by the *salle à manger* of 'La Poste,' to which I was summoned by the dinner-bell. As usual in inland off-rail France—towns where tourists are rarely if ever seen—all my dinner companions were *commis voyageurs*, their number on this occasion fifteen. Noisy men for the most part, but, like their race in France, not given to much talking until the inner man cries, 'Hold, enough!' The voracity of some of these gentlemen is amazing. Ignoring neighbourly courtesy with respect to dishes, their motto seems to be 'Every one for himself;' so with long arms they clutch favourite plats, often before they are handed round, and pile the contents on their plates in a most surprising manner. 'Enfin,' said one of the guests, after he had heaped on his plate a mixture from two or three dishes, 'Enfin je vais me régaler.' To dine with such people, you will say, is not very agreeable. So far as the eating is concerned, certainly not, and they have a

nasty habit of spitting, that is anything but appetite provoking; but have a little patience, and in time their voracity will subside, and you will come in for conversation which, if not edifying, is at all events often instructive. Their gormandising is not without being of some advantage to you. To the *commis voyageurs* you are indebted at French inns in small provincial towns for a dinner, which the landlord would never dream of putting before tourists. And not only is the dinner abundant as regards the number of dishes, but generally the cooking is excellent. Any serious shortcoming in this respect rarely fails to call forth the anger and reproach of the guests, who hold with Brillat Savarin, that the special duty of a cook is to 'veiller à la conservation des hommes au moyen de la meilleure nourriture possible, et par l'art d'apprêter les mets et de les rendre agréables au goût.' A *chef* who fails in these conditions is invariably soundly rated for his carelessness or incapacity. I have been present when an unfortunate offender has been summoned to appear before a company of dissatisfied *commis voyageurs*, and failing to give, as they thought, good and sufficient reasons for certain dishes not coming up to the proper degree

of excellence, he has been reproved in a manner that would have led you to believe that the *commis voyageurs*, and not the landlord, were his masters.

The consequential airs assumed by these *commis voyageurs* of France are by no means singular to these gentlemen; our commercial travellers are equally consequential, but as they occupy rooms in hotels especially reserved for them, their manners come less within the observation of ordinary guests. The French are very desirous to follow our example in this respect, but continental habits are not favourable to our system. For my own part, when travelling alone in France, it has often been a pleasure to meet these gentlemen. True, you must humour them, and, above all, treat them with profound respect. As a rule, the information you gain from them is only on commercial subjects; on all others they are amazingly ignorant. Out of the number that I dined with at Avallon, twelve insisted that every county in England belonged to a lord, who bore the name of the county, and that many of these were walled in, mainly with the object of keeping the game, which included boars, confined. On appeal being made to me as to the correctness of this statement, I had

considerable difficulty in convincing them that it was very wide of the truth. On one point all the *commis voyageurs* whom I met were, with one exception, unanimous. Men of peace, great and small, *en gros* as well as *en détail*, they are determined, so far as lies in their power, that there shall be no war. The exception alluded to was a little fiery gentleman, who unhesitatingly proclaimed himself to be a profound admirer of Sa Majesté l'Empereur, and that if Sa Majesté thought it right that France should go to war with Prussia, why the Messieurs might be quite sure it would be for the interest of France to do so; and he added, with a certain air of mystery, that he knew from good authority, derived principally from a government officer, that war was very probable. This speech raised, as may be supposed, a storm of disapprobation. Ironical allusions were made to Sa Majesté, of whom the majority present entertained a very poor opinion. 'Sa Majesté,' cried one, 'fait la guerre, mais c'est nous qui payons.' I apprehended that a serious quarrel would arise from the little man's injudicious laudation of the Emperor. At length, however, unable with such odds to continue the fight, he rose from the table, muttering in my ear as he passed

me, 'They have thrown stones at me, but I will be revenged.' In the course of the evening, an opportunity offered of having some private conversation with the fiery little man. I found his wrath appeased; powerful libations of *eau sucrée* may have had a soothing effect on his temper. To my question whether Monsieur was employed by Government, and thus enabled to speak so confidently as to the probability of war, he replied, drawing himself up as he spoke, doubtless with the view of duly impressing me with the dignity of his occupation, 'Je ne suis pas dans un bureau; je voyage dans les confitures;' and as sugar enters largely into their composition, his patronage of *eau sucrée* may be accounted for.

I know not whether a glass of iced punch, which I was tempted to drink when playing billiards in the *café*, was the cause, but in the middle of the night I awoke with a burning thirst; lighting my candle, I hoped to relieve it by a drink of water, but alas! the water in the jug was so impure, that though suffering the pangs of Tantalus, I could not bring myself to drink it. Returning disappointed to my bed, I went off to sleep again; but thirst engendered uneasy dreams, which more than once led me by the side of cool

streams, and amidst vines heavy with luscious, thirst-quenching grapes. Ah, thought I, starting from one of these visions, in which, like the father of Niobe, I saw a bough richly loaded with delicious fruit, hanging above my head, but which eluded my grasp when I attempted to seize it, what would I not give for a bunch of grapes! To obtain grapes, however, at such a time seemed quite impossible; and yet, in contradiction to this belief, a strong fruity odour was apparently wafted to me, which presently took the distinct form to my mind of grapes. It waxed stronger; either, thought I, my olfactory organs are playing me the strangest trick, or grapes, and by no means sour ones, are near me. Again I rose, and lighting my candle, put my nose in the air, pointer-like, and drew in a great sniff. The result was most convincing. The smell of grapes was strong, and unless the daughter of Nox was intent on visiting me with vengeance, those wardrobes contained the longed-for fruit. Three strides, and I stood before one: at each step the fruity odour had become stronger. But what if the wardrobe should be locked? It was not, however; and throwing open the door I beheld, to my great joy, whole bunches of amber-hued grapes, lying on beds of straw. The

wardrobe was full of them. What do I say? the three wardrobes were full of them, and not only the wardrobes, but two chests of drawers. Here was clearly the explanation to the question of the *femme de chambre*, who, when showing me my apartment, asked, 'Would Monsieur want to use the wardrobes?' 'No, Monsieur would not want to use the wardrobes:' but (for confession must be made) Monsieur would, and did, use the contents. Not all, for the quantities of grapes contained in them would have gone far to satisfy the soldiers I saw regaling themselves in the vineyard. There they lay, layer upon layer, divided only by thin beds of straw, and all in prime condition. I partook of them until my thirst was quenched. I had evidently discovered the grape store of 'La Poste,' from whence the supplies were drawn for the daily *table-d'hôte*; a strange locality, you may think, for such a purpose, but it was evident that travellers requiring the use of these extensive wardrobes were few and far between. Making my midnight theft known to the landlady in the morning, I begged to be informed how much I was indebted to her, assuring her, that I had helped myself largely to her grapes. 'Mais absolument rien, monsieur,' nor would any

persuasion on my part induce her to charge me anything; so, although Avallon is not in the heart of vine-land, you see that grapes are not there a costly luxury.

Avallon is, as we have seen, a very ancient town, but it possesses few buildings which can lay any claim to antiquity. When we remember how it was battered, burned, and sacked by various enemies, 'qui (in the words of Buchon) rongeaient la ville jusqu'aux os,' it is not surprising that only bones, so to speak, remain. The church is by far the most interesting building, on account of its great antiquity, dating from 746, when it was built by the Count Gerard, who founded the abbey at Vezelay. Antiquaries regard it as the oldest church in Burgundy, and the cradle of Christianity in that province. Originally dedicated to the Virgin, it remained under her protection until 1000, when a very precious relic of St. Lazare, having been sent to the bishop of Avallon by Duke Henry for preservation in the cathedral, by a Papal bull it received the name of St. Marie and St. Lazare. Local chronicles give a long list of persons of all ranks who made presents to the church, many of them very costly. The reliquary, in which the relic of St. Lazare was contained,

was of almost fabulous value. For many years, in consequence of its being believed to be a cure for leprosy, this relic attracted thousands of pilgrims. Blanche de Bretagne, who was afflicted with this disease, made a special pilgrimage to Avallon in 1322, for the purpose of touching the holy relics, which, says the chroniclers, she had no sooner done than she was cured. It was this lady who composed the canticle sung by pilgrims to Avallon for many years. But holy relics, like more profane things, have their day; and, although that of St. Lazare at Avallon enjoyed an enormous reputation, it was doomed to pass away and be forgotten. And thus Louis XI., being sick, and failing to derive any benefit from those saints whose images he was accustomed to carry attached to his cap, determined to have recourse to all the saints whose relics were in existence. As a matter of course, the famous relic of St. Lazare at Avallon was included in the list: and the king, desirous to conciliate the ecclesiastical authorities who had it in their keeping, and to obtain their prayers, made the church a handsome present, and, moreover promised that, if he recovered, he would give the cathedral a gold reliquary. No sooner had this intelligence reached the ears of the bishop and

clergy of Autun than they sent a priest to the king, to inform him that the true head of St. Lazare was preserved in their cathedral, and that the relic at Avallon was fictitious, and therefore virtueless. Under these circumstances, the superstitious king, unwilling to lose a chance of being cured, ordered Cardinal Rolin to enquire into the truth of the statement made by the Bishop of Autun, and to report the result. The cardinal, accordingly, appointed a committee of bishops and other dignitaries of the Church. These assembled at the castle of Lucenay on July 12, 1482, and, after various meetings, when numerous documents were examined, they drew up a report to the effect that the true head of St. Lazare, with the exception of the under jaw, was in the cathedral of Autun; that the relic at Avallon was false, and the ecclesiastical authorities were on no account to show it, under pain of severe punishment, and that any person found adoring the said supposed relic was to be excommunicated.

This decision was far from being satisfactory to the ecclesiastical authorities and inhabitants of Avallon. They appealed against it to Parliament; the latter, after much disputation, declared that each cathedral possessed true relics of the saint.

Some years after, attempts were made by the Bishop of Autun to cast doubts on the authenticity of the relics of St. Lazare at Avallon; they seem to have been unsuccessful, for we are told, when the relics were transferred in 1535, from the reliquary given to the cathedral by Blanche de Bretagne to one of a much more costly description, the ceremony, which was of a most imposing nature, lasted ten days. The Bishop of Bethlehem, assisted by many other prelates, officiated; and upwards of 100,000 persons from all parts of France, from Germany, from Italy, and even from England, were present.

Being myself very sceptical as regards relics, I made no attempt to see those in the cathedral of Avallon, preferring rather to devote my time and attention to the architecture of the edifice. This is extremely curious; you see around you the vertebræ, so to speak, of many styles, ingeniously articulated together, but with so little symmetry as to afford you more amusement than pleasure. The interior, naturally dark by the windows being filled with very old and curiously painted glass — including, by the way, St. Lazare and his deeds — is made additionally sombre by the walls being hung with pieces of black cloth, bearing deaths'

heads and cross-bones in white linen; these squares are portions of funeral cloths, and it is the custom in Burgundy to hang them on the walls of churches; inscriptions below them request you to 'pray for the soul of ——, who died,' &c. The effect may be good, in a religious point of view, but it renders the interior of the church oppressively gloomy.

Patient and close observation within the church of St. Lazare will reward you by the discovery of several fine sculptures in stone and wood. Especially to be studied is the organ-case, a magnificent piece of work, said to have been paid for by the presents in money given to the church by Louis XI. The crown of France is very conspicuous throughout the ornamentation. The principal porch contains extremely curious sculptures, representing demons doing furious battle for the souls of men; above them the date 1000 may still be traced. No photographs are to be had of this extremely interesting portal, nor, indeed, of any of the buildings in Avallon. Sketchers may be glad to know that there is a very beautiful stone cross in the courtyard of the hospital, in excellent preservation. It was erected in 1423, and stands on the site of the old hospital

for lepers. Another subject for the pencil is the ancient clock-tower in the centre of the town.

Traces of the old Roman wall may still be discerned from the clock-tower, to the Porte à Mauvais Chien, and, if not time-pressed, you will find several good bits immediately within the old walls.

Some curious customs have only very recently ceased to exist in Avallon; one practised during three centuries was peculiarly significant of the fearful calamities experienced by the inhabitants during the middle ages. Two men, each ringing a bell, went through all the streets every Monday night, at one o'clock, crying at intervals, 'Réveillez-vous,' &c. Another custom, as savouring of the days of sacrifice and burnt-offering, deserves mention. The director of the hospital presented annually, on Easter Day, a sheep or young goat, decorated with flowers and ribbons, to the dean and chapter of the cathedral. The animal was led in procession around the church, and afterwards sacrificed. A yearly offering of 100 francs is now made instead of the above animals.

CHAPTER XII.

AVALLON TO MONTREAL.

A Contrast—A Twenty-two Miles' Walk—Definition of a Straight Line—'La Mère des Eaux'—Stalwart Dukes and Puny Kings—La Troquette—Storks and Snakes—Public Ovens and Washing Houses—Curious Old Customs—Hunting Abbots—The Key to Burgundy—Beautiful Sculptures—A Favoured Church.

As has been said, if you desire to see many interesting historical localities in Burgundy, you must turn aside from railways, highways, and beaten tracks. With this view, favoured by a lovely day, I started on foot early in the morning from Avallon for Montreal. The mention of this name will perhaps send the thoughts of the reader across the Atlantic, to the proud city of the same name, on the banks of the noble St. Lawrence. But no two places can be more different than the Montreal of Canada and that in Burgundy. The former a vast and flourishing commercial city: the latter a mere village, living—so to speak—on its former fame. For, as we shall see, the Bur-

gundian Montreal has played a great part in its day; and, low as it now lies, it has given its name to one of the greatest, most illustrious, and most powerful houses in France.

Guide-books being of no assistance, I obtained as much information as I deemed necessary respecting my route, at Avallon. This, however, proved to be both defective and inaccurate, and in no respect more so than in the important matter of distance, Montreal being eleven miles from Avallon instead of eight as was stated. However, a twenty-two miles' walk, with a long day before one, is no great undertaking; particularly when the country passed through is both novel and picturesque. For, though I do not hold with Mr. Ruskin, that 'if the attention is awake, and the feelings in proper train, a turn of a country road, with a cottage beside it, which we have not seen before, is as much as we need for mental refreshment,' I willingly admit that great enjoyment may be derived from a country which has no pretensions to be called picturesque.

Roads in France are—as those who have walked much in that country will remember—very often vexatious examples of the definition of a straight line being the shortest possible path between two

points. Thus constructed, you doubtless accomplish your journey quicker than if they were sinuous; but time thus gained is, after all, at the cost of enjoyment. Happily, the geological nature of Burgundy is such as to render straight roads generally impossible. The limestone hills which rise through the country relieve it from the monotony appertaining to plains, however well wooded the latter may be; and when hills exist you have valleys, narrowing often into glens, through which streams flow, giving life and beauty to thousands of wild flowers. From the great number of streams which issue from its hills, Burgundy has been called 'La mère des eaux,' while her excellent vineyards have gained for her the appellation of 'La mère des vins.' Alpine heights you must not expect to see in Burgundy, though Mont Beuvray attains the almost mountainous elevation of 2,300 feet; but you will see swelling hills, many clothed with rich woods, those nearest to you painted with colours of exquisite tenderness, those in the far distance steeped in purple gloom, passing, as the sun sinks to setting, into lovely roseate hues. I have often heard Burgundians, who justly love the land of their birth, declare, with excusable pride, that it produces everything requisite for the wants

of man. Walk through this favoured country, and you will admit that they do not overpraise it; and besides yielding all things necessary for man, the Burgundian himself is in all respects a fine specimen of his race. Would those dukes of Burgundy, bold as they were, have effected the conquests which made them dreaded throughout France, had their subjects not been renowned for their great physical powers, as well as for their bravery? And it is well known, with respect to the dukes themselves, that while they were stalwart men, the kings of France, against whom they fought, were physically puny. You need not be apprehensive of finding Burgundy monotonous, and assuredly on no portion of this globe is nature at once more lovely and more beautiful than here. We have walked three miles when we come to a village the name of which we have no occasion to ask, for it is inscribed on the wall of the first house at its entrance, with the distances to the next villages: valuable information to a pedestrian, which we should like to see given in like manner in our country. The village is Sauvigny-le-Bois, so called because it is surrounded by a very extensive wood, intersected by numerous rides, and foot-paths. It is not much

out of our way to pass through a portion of this wood. On its skirts is the fine château of La Troquette, built by Guillaume de Sauvigny. The architecture is extremely picturesque; numerous tourelles, crowned by delicate spires, appear to cling to the corner of the edifice; the façade is pierced by many windows, set in richly sculptured frames; and from the high-pitched roofs spring tall chimneys, no two alike, and all covered with rich ornamentation. The tops of these chimneys were surmounted by elaborate and highly ornamental iron work, locally called *trépieds de fer*. Having seen constructions of a similar nature above the chimneys of other châteaux in Burgundy, it struck me that they were placed there more for use than ornament, and this is the case. Their object is to prevent birds, and especially storks, making their nests in the chimneys. It appears that while a lady was sitting before the ample fire-place in the drawing-room of a Burgundian château, a snake came wriggling down the chimney; greatly alarmed, she summoned a servant to take the reptile away, and at the same time find out how it came down the chimney. This was not difficult, for on going out a stork was seen looking inquisitively down the chimney,

evidently in search of the snake which he had carried up as his prey. To guard against the further intrusion of such reptiles, the chimneys were protected by ironwork; and the example has been generally followed throughout Burgundy. Continuing our route, we came to Sceaux, another village, midway between Avallon and Montreal. Just without it, we met several peasant women, carrying dough in baskets to the public oven, to be baked. All small towns and villages in Burgundy are supplied with these ovens, and also with washing places; both of which are largely used by the inhabitants. Seeing a bush hanging over the doorway of a house in Sceaux, I entered, and asked for a glass of wine: as usual, a bottle was placed before me; the wine was excellent, and the charge for it only 45 centimes.

By a curious old custom, dating from 1490, which is far more honoured in the breach than in the observance, the *curé* of Sceaux, for certain *bonnes œuvres* performed by his predecessors at that date, is entitled to receive a fowl from each bridegroom elect and on the eve of his marriage day, 'une pièce de bœuf de trois côtes non coupées,' and also 'une pièce de porc,' a bottle of wine, and a cake; for extreme unction, a wax

candle, and one livre; * for attending a funeral, a dinner, including an omelette, forage for his horse, and bread for his dogs. The latter present seems rather out of keeping with clerical life, but according to the chronicles from which the foregoing is taken, the abbot of the monastery of La Ferte, not far from Sceaux (which no longer exists), who kept a pack of dogs, was entitled daily to twelve measures of barley, 'appelé le bichet des chiens,' for their sustenance whenever he took them to hunt in the forest of Chaumes. Field sports, or, as they were called, the mysteries of woods and rivers, were greatly pursued in Burgundy by the clergy, as well as by the laity. It was craftily represented that the flesh of hunted animals was good for sick monks, while the skins of wild beasts made admirable covers for books. Under these circumstances the Popes granted certain dispensations enabling the bishops and abbots, who were of the feudal lords, to hunt. Nor were field sports confined to the ecclesiastics of France. Whitcher tells us that an archbishop of York, in 1321, hunted whilst proceeding on his visitation, being attended by a retinue of men espe-

* This ancient coin was worth about one penny.

cially appointed for the purpose, who had charge of a pack of hounds. The men and dogs were maintained at the expense of the abbeys in his diocese.

But to return to my wanderings. Refreshed by the draught of good wine, I resumed my walk, and in about two hours arrived at the ancient Mons Regalis, now Montreal. As its name implies, this once celebrated town stands on an eminence. Its two lions are the castle and the church, both conspicuous objects, as they crown the hill. Climbing to them through a narrow street of poor decayed houses, I came first on the castle which, if antiquaries are truthful, is the ancient Brocarica, where the first monarchs of France occasionally held their court. This of course would cause it to be one of the oldest ruins in France. Probably no trace of that castle remains, the present ruins being those of a more recent stronghold. They, are however, extremely old. Historical documents state, that the castle was taken and partially destroyed by the Normans; it was afterwards thoroughly repaired, and to a great extent rebuilt. There were four entrances, through the same number of towers of vast thickness, and the keep was surrounded by nineteen other towers. Thus strengthened, the castle

was regarded as the key to Burgundy, on the side of the province of Champagne. As usual, its strength and position caused it to be a constant bone of contention, and for centuries its history is that of furious sieges, battles, and deeds of chivalry in which the English figure prominently. Duc Jean Sans-Peur resided in it in 1404, and here he repealed the obnoxious corn laws, that had long oppressed his subjects. At a later period the States of Burgundy assembled here under François I., who occupied a tower still standing, known as the 'Tour du Roi.' Probably it was during his occupation that the rooms were built, on the walls of which may still be seen his favourite device of the salamander. No less than twenty-six towns and villages were in immediate dependance on the castle. Now its glory is past; but you cannot contemplate the massive ruins of these once proud walls and towers without feeling that you are before the bones, so to speak, of a very giant among the castles of old. Not to please the eye of the modern traveller was the castle erected on this height, and yet its position is exactly that which an artist would select; and as we gaze on the crumbling walls, we hear in fancy, while the wind sweeps through the grand old

ruin, the feet of Time rustling through the wreck of ruins and dynasties.

Thanks to the protecting influence of religion, the church has escaped in a great measure the calamities that have laid its once stronger neighbour low. It is in the form of a Latin cross, displaying some fine examples of Gothic architecture. But the glory of the building consists in the sculptures which adorn the interior. The stalls in the choir are carved in the highest style of art. They are said to have been executed by two brothers of the name of Rigoly in 1522. They have represented themselves seated before a table, pouring wine into a goblet. But even more worthy of careful study are bas-reliefs on fine slabs of alabaster, representing the principal events in the life of the Virgin. There are upwards of fifty figures, all with their adjuncts, wrought in a most life-like manner. I could not learn the name of the artist to whom we are indebted for this fine work. Unfortunately the numerous tombs in the church are sadly mutilated. This is the more to be regretted, because some among them were of great beauty. The Popes Clement III. in 1188 and Honorius in 1216 took this church under their especial protection,

and the latter having sent some relics to it, the building acquired a holy reputation, and during periods of public calamities the inhabitants of the surrounding country were accustomed to make pilgrimages to it; the relics have long disappeared, and with them the reputed sanctity of the church.

CHAPTER XIII.

AVALLON TO VEZELAY.

Hilly Country—St. Père—Hugh of Lincoln—Ostrich Riding—A Lock of Hair—St. Bernard's Address—Le Champ des Huguenots—Inquisition—Beza—Banditti—Mist encompassing the Cathedral—Oaks and Acorns—Milk Thistle—St. Thomas à Becket's Curse—Cathedral Denuded and Deserted—Chapel—Chapter House.

ALTHOUGH my walk to and from Montreal was by no means *de trop*, yet the announcement that I could have a seat in the *courrier patache*, which runs daily from Avallon to Clamecy, led me to travel by it as far as Vezelay. The said *patache* is a small vehicle, having but three places for passengers, travelling slowly by reason of many hills, and want of horse power. But you will not regret this rate, for the drive from Avallon to Vezelay is charming; and fortunately the seats in the *patache* enable you to see the country well, there being no interior. For the two first miles of our journey we rattled down hill, the road zigzagging in almost Alpine fashion; then you breast another

ascent; fine walnut trees fringe the road, between the trunks of which you obtain glorious views of swelling hills and verdant vales, which in this part of Burgundy feed numerous herds. Here all agricultural work requiring the use of quadrupeds is performed by oxen, grand beasts for the most part, doing honour to the pastures which feed them. Up and down, never for twenty yards level, so runs the road all the way to Vezelay. Midway you obtain a magnificent view of this town, which seems to be built, as indeed it is, on a heaven-kissing hill. Villages are past, none however of note, until you come to that now called St. Père.

This village stands at the foot of the hill on which Vezelay is built. It possesses one of the most beautiful Gothic cathedrals in Burgundy. The tower, with its detached shafts, ornamental canopies, fretted flower-work, and numerous windows, is one of the most exquisite constructions that I have ever seen. Of no great height, it possesses an occult sublimity, blended with a preciousness and delicacy of detail, which many loftier towers entirely fail to exhibit. This tower, and indeed the church itself, is said to replace a previous Norman edifice on the same site. Pon-

derous as was the ecclesiastical architecture of these people, they were not very skilful church-builders.

Their central towers have, almost in every case, fallen. That at Ely fell, we are told, in 1321, with such a shock, and with so great a tumult, that it was thought an earthquake had taken place.

Chroniclers link the history of the church at St. Père with Hugh of Burgundy, better known to us as St. Hugh of Lincoln. He had been a monk in the convent of the Grande Chartreuse near Grenoble, and in consequence of his great reputation for learning and piety, Henry II. requested him to come to England in order to preside over a Carthusian establishment at Wittam in Somersetshire, the first of the Order in this country. He was subsequently created bishop of Lincoln, and to him are we indebted for the glorious cathedral in that city, at which, we are told, he laboured with his own hands.

> Non solum concedit opes, operamque suorum,
> Sed proprii sudoris opem, lapidesque frequenter
> Excisos fert in calatho, calcemque tenacem.

But before leaving France, St. Hugh appears to have devoted considerable attention to ecclesiastical architecture in Burgundy, and although it is

far from being proved, many persons suppose that the architect employed by St. Hugh to build Lincoln cathedral (Geoffry de Noiers) brought his plans from Burgundy.

The entire distance from the village to Vezelay is a steep incline, upwards of two miles long, winding amidst vines, which mantle the lower slopes of the hill on which Vezelay is built, and amidst chestnut and walnut trees, at a high elevation. What a walk is that from St. Père to Vezelay! The hill (mountain rather) is so steep that you are obliged to ascend it slowly: all in your favour, for the views are charming, and you are able to make acquaintance with the ancient town of Vezelay, and with its battlemented walls, which still gird it. 'How many,' asks a French writer, 'of all those hordes of Englishmen and Englishwomen, who pass through our country in true *moutonnière* fashion, have visited Vezelay? They mount donkeys, ostriches,* camelopards, lamas, dromedaries, mules, wild asses, negroes, and elephants, and wander far and wide; and yet, ask them all if they have seen or even

* It is to be apprehended that the writer in question, Monsieur Henri de Crignelle, is not well informed on our habits. With all our love for travel, and doing out-of-the-way things, Englishmen and Englishwomen do not ride ostriches, &c.

heard of Le Morvan or Vezelay. Not one of the thousands will answer Yes.' This is probably not quite correct; but it is certain that very few of our countrymen or countrywomen know Vezelay. Amongst our own travelled acquaintance, not one has been there. Under these circumstances, whilst climbing the hill a few words on Vezelay may not be out of place. It was, and by courtesy is still, the capital of Le Morvan. Like many towns situated on lofty elevations, inconvenient of access, and therefore favourable to asceticism, Vezelay is said to owe its existence to a religious establishment founded in the days of Pepin, father of Charles. This establishment was occupied by nuns, who were regarded as holy women, because they were believed to have in their keeping a lock of the hair of the repentant and beautiful Magdalen, which, legends say, shines in the dark like burnished gold. Be that as it may, just as many men admire, in these days, a tress, be it true or false, so were thousands of people not only admirers, but worshippers of that in the custody of the nuns of Vezelay. Pilgrims innumerable flocked to see it, and Vezelay became, in course of time, a town.

The same results followed the establishment of

the Benedictine convents of Cluny, Citeaux, and Clairvaux. Granges and dovecotes gathered round the religious houses; and the soft-toned bells that rang out the 'Angelus' summoned peasants from their labours, whose cottages were built for protection beneath the shadow of the ecclesiastical establishments. Just as in England convents were built on tongues of land near rivers, in France they were erected on hill slopes, and localities most favourable to the culture of the grape. Many of the most famous vineyards on the Continent bear the names of religious fraternities, by whom they were planted. The monks, too, loved to peruse their books by the side of soft streams, and a semi-Italian tinge may have been given by them to the manners of the inhabitants. This was especially the case in Anjou, which was the first province in Gaul that received the Benedictines. It was during the life of St. Benedict that the vast convent of St.-Maur was founded, whose mild and beneficent influence on the inhabitants was so great as to cause them to be styled the 'molles et faciles Andegavi.' But Vezelay has higher claims to be enrolled among celebrated cities than that of having been the home of sainted nuns, with their legendary trea-

sure. Here it was that St. Bernard, abbot of Clairvaux,* with an eloquence that stirred the hearts of all who heard him, advocated the necessity of a second crusade. The vast cathedral, we are told, was quite insufficient to contain the multitudes who gathered to hear the saint. Pope Eugenius III. had directed a great council of the princes of the church, barons, and the chivalry of the period to assemble at Vezelay. Louis VII. of France was also there. Before the monarch and the great council, St. Bernard called on all present to aid in driving the infidel from the Holy Land.

But, though thus favoured, Vezelay did not escape several fierce sieges, which carried desolation and misery to the homes of her citizens. And at no period did the city suffer more than when she nobly afforded a refuge within her walls to the unfortunate Protestants who had escaped

* Clairvaux, fair valley as the name implies, twelve miles from Bar-sur-Aube. There Bernard passed the whole of his earthly pilgrimage: strains of music, audible, however, only to his ears, rose and fell in these cloisters; celestial visitants descended into his cell. Benedict himself came from the abode of the blessed to hold communion with his illustrious disciple. Nor were miracles wanting; he healed the sick; and, by merely exclaiming 'Excommunico eas,' caused the instant death of so vast a multitude of flies that were interrupting the consecration of the church of Foigny that, says the chronicler, the attendants carried them out by shovelfuls.

from the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew. The citizens having refused to give them up, the town was besieged by the enemies of the Huguenots, taken, sacked, and burned. Horrible and revolting deeds ensued. Men and women were tortured, roasted, boiled, and buried alive. And, with a diabolical refinement of cruelty, hundreds of Protestants, who had been caught in caves and woods around Vezelay, were buried alive up to their necks, and their heads bowled at with cannon-balls until they expired. The field where these fearful cruelties were enacted still bears the name of Le Champ des Huguenots.* The

* The Inquisition which had been established at Toulouse in the reign of the ninth Louis of France, having been to a great extent made abortive, by the spreading spirit of Calvinism, was re-established at the solicitation of Henry II. by a bull of Paul IV. the same year in which Elizabéth assumed the English throne. The Pope named the cardinals of Lorraine, Bourbon, and Chatillon as Presidents, with a right to delegate their power to bishops and doctors in theology. And the bull further declared that the Inquisition in France should be conducted in all respects according to the practices of that in Rome. But the Inquisition was a slow and feeble engine of persecution compared with other modes of exterminating 'heretics' in France. It is a painful but interesting fact, that the bloodiest tribunal that the world has beheld—that which passed a solemn compact with Government, and executed the compact, to try, that is, to condemn each person in six minutes, and to execute him in thirty-two seconds—employed twice as many months to exterminate the same number of victims as the 'Septembriseurs' of the preceding year had employed nights and days.

atrocities attending this siege may have been heightened by the circumstance that Theodore Beza, the Reformer and Calvinistic theologian, was born in Vezelay, in 1519.

The massacre of St. Bartholomew occurred in 1572; but in 1561 Beza, before King Charles IX. (then only a boy), surrounded by a large and glittering court, had electrified the assembly by denying the bodily presence of Christ in the Eucharist. 'His body,' exclaimed the Reformer, 'is as remote from bread and wine as the highest heaven is remote from earth.'

From the date of this terrible siege Vezelay declined. The wars of religion, which may be said to have commenced in 1562, fell heavily on the town. Fearful deeds were done. The population rapidly decreased. The land around Vezelay lay untilled, and the country was black with ruined households. The rights of men were not only ignored, but openly outraged. Banditti of the most desperate character were abroad—far more dreadful than the packs of wolves which infested the mighty forest of Le Morvan. Vezelay sank under these misfortunes, and now it is a decayed town, attesting, however, by its embattled walls, numerous towers, feudal gates, with their guard-

rooms, and ponderous iron hooks which supported the drawbridges, that it once was a large and strong city. One great glory still, however, remains. This is its mighty cathedral; but, before visiting it, we will halt at 'La Poste,' and tranquillise the minister of the interior, who has been for some time past loudly demanding supplies.

And now for the cathedral. From 'La Poste,' which is situated without the walls, we pass through one of the well-preserved feudal gates, and ascend by a long and narrow street. The day, which had dawned in sunshine, became gloomy. Heavy mist settled over the town, blurring the landscape beneath, and rendering the houses even indistinct. It was as if we had passed into another country, and left far behind fair Burgundy, on which the clear, fierce, and yet life-giving sun had been shining for past weeks. Under these sombre influences I first beheld the mighty cathedral of Vezelay. The mist, which now was driving fast up the mountain slopes, broke against its huge bulk, disclosing, as gusts of wind eddied round the building, towers and buttresses soaring aloft, their summits obscured by the gloom. Such was the grandeur of the scene, that I became almost breathless as I stood gazing on

it. But this was not a day suited to examine the architectural details of the building. I therefore entered it, and, as the door closed behind me, it awoke the echoes of the vast interior, which rolled along from floor to roof, and among the numerous chapels around the choir, until they died away. At all times the interior of a great cathedral has a solemn influence, felt more or less according to the condition of the visitor's mind. Thus the man to whom mountains are a delight, and grand architecture a great enjoyment, will be more moved by the influence of a cathedral, than the thriving mill-owner, who probably finds more pleasure in the lofty walls and vast halls of his mill filled with roaring machinery, than in St. Peter's itself. But that man must have a very pachydermatous soul, on whom the interior of the cathedral of Vezelay has no influence. It is much more remarkable for its vastness than for its architecture. This is a mixture of Norman and early pointed Gothic. The oldest portion is the nave, supposed to be about the date 1010. The choir is much later, probably dating from the early part of the thirteenth century. This and the transepts are fine specimens of early Gothic. The severity of the Norman pillars in the nave contrasts strongly

with the more modern pillars in the choir. The capitals of these show that the builders went to nature for their models. The oak with its acorns, and the lovely vine with its graceful tendrils and clusters of fruit, are rendered with wonderful fidelity; among the plants represented on some of the capitals is the elegant milk thistle, *Carduus Marianus*, which plant is frequently seen in ecclesiastical sculptures. This is due, probably, not only to its elegance, but to the legendary belief that the white veins running down its leaves originated from drops of the Virgin's milk. The deviation from a straight line in the axis of the nave and choir is very apparent; the axis of the choir inclines, like that of many other cathedral choirs, to the left.

The solemn severity of the nave, with its grand pillars, is greatly increased by its height. This is 85 feet. In this most important feature of architecture, continental cathedrals greatly surpass ours. The contrast between the soaring porches of Rouen, Rheims, Auxerre, and others together with the vast height of their interiors, and the puny entrances to most of our cathedrals with their low roofs, is painfully striking. The longest cathedrals in the world are Winchester,

Canterbury, and Ely; but, in consequence of their low interiors, they are not so impressive as many continental cathedrals—Milan, for example, which is not so long by nearly 100 feet as Winchester, and yet is far more imposing.

The total length of Vezelay cathedral is 414 feet, and, with the exception of a small altar near the eastern extremity of the choir, the entire length —unbroken by any screen—is commanded by the spectator at the threshold of the western gates. Built as it was at a period when religious zeal moved men to raise mighty houses of God, the abbey church of Vezelay (for such it was), dedicated to Mary Magdalen, was long a shining light, on the mountains which it crowns, to which thousands of worshippers came. Its history is intimately associated with the most important religious events of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Here Thomas à Becket came from the abbey of Pontigny, where he had been living during his exile, on Ascension day 1168, and the cathedral being, as we are told, so crowded that many people were carried out in a fainting condition, cursed by 'bell, book, and candle' all those who maintained in England the 'customs of their elders,' burning words which recoiled on

the speaker, and no doubt led incidentally to Becket's murder. Then the choir and surrounding chapels were rich with treasures, jewelled pyxes and crucifixes, sculptured altars, saintly effigies in massive gold and silver, shrines blazing with jewels: now all these have disappeared; the vast interior is but an empty shell, and yet how grand, how solemn, how impressive! Not St. Peter's even, in all its glory, when first I stood within it, impressed me more than this mountain-crowning cathedral of Vezelay. Not a human being shared its solitude with me. My steps echoed weirdly as I paced the vast nave. It required no great stretch of fancy to imagine it the ghost of a cathedral, and that if ever any came to worship within its walls, they must be spirits of the departed. The longer I remained within the place the more did I feel its influence, until at length, overpowered by the spell, I was obliged to break it, by leaving its precincts. The dense mist still curled round the building, not a human being was in sight, not even a sacristan hoping to pick up a franc from a casual visitor. Thus left to my own devices, and observing a range of building attached to the south transept, I walked to a door, and opening it found myself within a chapel

fitted up for worship; a lamp was burning before the altar, and missals occupied the lectern. Here evidently the inhabitants of Vezelay worshipped, their number now being so small that this chapel sufficed for their accommodation. But, according to the landlord of 'La Poste,' although the cathedral is far too large for their requirements, they resent the conduct of the French Government, and feel very sorely the removal to Paris of the memorable and handsome ecclesiastical objects belonging to the cathedral. Passing through a door on the north side of the chapel, I found myself in the chapter-house. The low roof is supported by two bulky columns, the capitals of which are ornamented by very rough sculptures of animals. Narrow windows light the interior, which on the day of my visit was so gloomy, that one could fancy it to be the favourite abode of the ghosts of the old monks. For here, when the vast abbey of Vezelay was in existence—so vast that we are told monarchs with their suites frequently lodged in it with ease—the monks were wont to assemble and take refuge, when apprehending trouble and attacks from enemies. Scarcely a stone remains of the abbey. The Huguenots who destroyed the north tower of the

cathedral in 1594, demolished also, it is said, the domestic building of the abbey. On leaving the chapter house a gleam of sunshine enabled me to see the west front of the cathedral. This is chiefly remarkable for its grand central porch, entirely filled with rich sculptures, and for the admirably executed groups of saints occupying the tympanum above the porch.

CHAPTER XIV.

LE MORVAN AND VEZELAY.

Geography and Natural Productions—Feelings of Aversion—Bastard of Vannes—The Ploughman—Heavy Ransom—Tragical Fate—'Flotteurs'—'Mares'—Druids—Blue Beard—Moonlight Nights—White-robed Ghosts—Marshal Vauban—'Marchand de Marrons'—Great Economy—Spirit of Adventure—Cottage—Broc de Vin—A Useful Room—A Buxom Dame—A Heavy Blow—Denizens of the Forest—Drunken Wolves—Traquenard—Wolf-skin Drum—Grape-eating Fowls—Grisly Monsters—The Felons' Holiday—Boar Hunts—Squirrels and their Cages—Bolt—Serfs—Hoards of Money—A Member of the Society for the Protection of Animals.

WHO among the thousands of travellers in France knows Le Morvan, or could even give an accurate definition of its locality? The classical reader will probably have a dim idea, that the Pagus Morvinus mentioned in Cæsar's 'Commentaries' and Le Morvan are one and the same; and the dweller in Paris during winter may be familiar with its modern name, from the circumstance that the fire which warms him, indifferently as he probably thinks, proceeds from wood the growth of that part of France.

The great feature of Le Morvan is indeed its vast forests, which are to Paris what our northern coal mines are to London; with this difference, however—that while happily the exhaustion of our fossil fuel is, even with the most lavish consumption, very distant, the forests of Le Morvan cannot find Paris with fuel for many generations. Let no one think that he knows Burgundy, if he leave it without seeing Le Morvan. True, by far the greater part of Le Morvan is not in the province of Burgundy; but its dark and dense forests clothe a portion of the Burgundian slopes, and from the Burgundian border, looking towards Nevers, a short walk will bring you within the district.

Geographically, Le Morvan comprises portions of the departments of the Nièvre and the Yonne, lying between vine-clad Burgundy, and the mountains of the Nivernois. Of great extent, its agricultural productions are very numerous, various cereals being grown as well as the vine, while its deep and rich valleys feed large herds. But, as has been said, the speciality of Le Morvan is its forest, or forests rather, for there are several. Taken together, they cover 213,000 acres, and consist, for the most part, of oak, birch, and maple, with, in some places, a dense growth of underwood.

These dark forests appear to exercise an influence over the Burgundian peasants somewhat akin to that felt by Dante, and to which he has given expression in the immortal lines:

Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita
Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura,
Chè la diritta via era smarrita.
Ahi quanto a dir qual era è cosa dura
Questa selva selvaggia ed aspra e forte,
Che nel pensier rinnova la paura!
Tanto è amara, che poco è più morte.

At least, such is the conclusion to which I have come when, during my wanderings on the skirts of the forest, and still in Burgundy, I asked several peasants whether I was in Le Morvan. The answer always given was, 'Not yet—this is not Le Morvan,' the fact apparently being, that like the *vigneron* of the Côte d'Or, who, as we have seen, declared that the wind from Le Morvan is fatal to his vine, and that nothing good comes from thence, the peasants on the skirts of the forest hold it in equal aversion. The fact is, dark deeds, enacted during the reigns of the Dukes of Burgundy in Le Morvan, still cry aloud from the depths of the wild forest, and places are yet pointed out where savage cruelty was rampant. It would be easy to cite many instances of dia-

bolical deeds perpetrated by men in the counsels of the Dukes, but the following story, recorded by Baraut in his interesting 'History of the Dukes of Burgundy,' will suffice for the purpose.

During the reign of Duke Philippe le Bon, lived a man known as the Bâtard de Vannes, who seems to have taken a fiendish delight in tormenting all who unfortunately came within his clutches. His habit was to seize poor peasants in the open country, tie their hands behind their backs, and drag them, attached to his stirrup, to his stronghold, where he kept them prisoners until he received a heavy ransom. But as this was often not forthcoming, he hanged them on a tree, which, from the number of wretches who had died on it, was called Vannes' gallows. One day he captured a youth, who was engaged in the peaceful occupation of ploughing. Having dragged him to his stronghold, he put him to the torture, in order to exact a large ransom from him. The peasant, who had not long been married, contrived to inform his wife of the fearful calamity which had befallen him, and of the sum demanded for his ransom. The latter, though daily expecting her confinement, determined immediately on going to Vannes, hoping that, by an interview with him,

she should soften his heart. But she little knew the nature of the monster with whom she had to deal. Neither her entreaties, her tears, nor the condition in which she was, had the slightest effect on Vannes, who declared that the only means of saving her husband's life was to bring the stated ransom; and moreover, that if this were not forthcoming immediately, her husband's life would be forfeited. The poor wife, finding that no words could cause Vannes to relent, did all in her power to procure the sum in question, and at length, by using the greatest exertions, she succeeded. But eight days elapsed before she was enabled to place it in Vannes' hands. Overcome with fatigue and in momentary expectation of becoming a mother, she had barely strength to drag herself to the place appointed by Vannes for meeting her. 'Pay the ransom,' he said, 'and you shall then see your husband.' She produced the money; it was eagerly seized on by Vannes, who told the poor wife that, on going to a neighbouring tree, she would see her husband suspended from it: the payment of the ransom having been delayed so long, he had put him to death.

The wretched wife, driven to madness and desperation by this avowal, uttered piercing shrieks

and reproaches. Vannes bade her be silent, but as his commands had no effect on the poor distracted woman, Vannes ordered that she should be beaten and bound to the foot of the tree, from the branches of which her husband, with many others, hung suspended. Her cries, though they availed not to move the heart of the tyrant, attracted the wolves to this scene of torture, who quickly put an end to the poor victim's misery.

Who, taking thought of deeds like this, can call the old times good? Happily, we have no Vannes to apprehend now in Burgundy, or in Le Morvan, and we may wander long and far in the forests without seeing any being more savage than a *flotteur*. 'But what,' you may ask, 'is a *flotteur*'? It is a pertinent question, and here is the answer. A *flotteur* is a man whose business it is to collect and float down the Yonne the wood cut in the forests. You may know him by his dress; it consists of a blue *bourgeron*, very full linen trousers, wide straw hat, and red worsted belt. Leading a nomadic life, the *flotteur* of Le Morvan is a very independent fellow, having, apparently, but few ties of a domestic nature, and utterly indifferent with respect to the morrow, provided the wants of the day can be met. Forming a

brotherhood among themselves, they do not seem to care for the society of others—a feeling which, to say the truth, seems to be reciprocated: for, at the public wine-houses on the Quais d'Aux, you will never find the *flotteurs* fraternising with the peasants and citizens, who evidently regard 'those fellows' from Le Morvan (as they designate them) in the light of beings who are rather to be shunned than made free with.

Clamécy is the head-quarters of the *flotteurs*: there the wood destined for Paris commences its voyage, coming down streams and hill torrents in single logs, which, when they reach smoother water, are bound together in the form of rafts; and it is surprising to see how skilfully the *flotteurs*, with their long spiked poles, manage these rafts, which frequently, from want of water, stick hard and fast in the river.

The great charm of the forest was enhanced by its untrodden appearance. No traces of picnic parties were here. Not a human being was visible. I came upon a small stream of deliciously clear water, winding between banks overhung with mountain ash, now radiant with clusters of red berries, and by the wild cherry, a common tree in Le Morvan. From these hung festoons of honey-

suckle and clematis; while the grass beneath was literally enamelled with flowers. This stream is the feeder of the great *mares*, or lakes in the forest. They are of various sizes; some, of considerable extent, are never dry, others are tiny ponds, which disappear in the summer heats. The large *mares*, and the *gours*, or mill-heads, are said to abound with fish—coarse fish, for the most part—which possess no charm for the fly-fisher. Trout, as I was informed, exist in some of the rivers, near the hill sources; but my angling experience, the result of having fished in many waters at home and abroad, leads me to receive all piscatorial information promising great sport, with much scepticism. Around the *mares* there is excellent woodcock shooting in winter; but many of them are, I believe, extremely difficult of access.*

* By these *mares* you may hear frogs croaking as loudly as those to which, according to legendary tradition, we are indebted for the French having turned their backs on Australasia. The legend runs, that our neighbours having, some half-century ago, landed on the coast of Western Australia, with a view to colonisation, betook themselves to their ships after having spent only one night ashore, on account of the unearthly noises which they heard; the fact being, that the frogs of the swamps and marshes had done for our sole tenure of Australia what the geese of old did for the Capitol. But the legend in this case must be greatly at fault, because surely no Frenchman can be ignorant of the habits of frogs.

Such were the features of that part of the forest through which I passed.

Standing on the crest of the hill of Vezelay, and looking towards the south-west, you obtain a grand view of the forest: from this elevation it appears dark, gloomy, and mysterious; but what might be repulsive to a citizen is a land of promise to those who love to commune with Nature in her wildest aspect. Question the peasant whose home is in the forest, and he will tell you, with bated breath, that 'les Gauries' still haunt the woods during midnight hours; and however legendary are all the theories connected with the Druids, the mysterious stone monuments they are supposed to have erected, many of which are to be seen in Le Morvan, are to him proofs as strong as holy writ that the forests were formerly the home of strange and uncanny people. Nor is this belief confined to the peasants. The clergy are firm believers in Druidism. Some of them maintain that the tomb of the famous Chindonax was discovered during the last century in a retired part of the forest. It contained his sickle, collar, bracelets, and girdle of gold, sacrificial axe and knife, with a glass urn in which were some ashes—all that remained of the mighty arch-priest. I confess,

when I first heard this story, related, as it was, with great seriousness by a *curé*, my ears tingled, and I almost hoped to obtain such information as would enable me to see the above wonderful relics. To gaze on the sickle of the high-priest of the Druids would indeed go far towards removing scepticism as to the existence, not only of the high-priest himself, but of the Druids generally. But, alas! I never could hear where these precious relics are deposited, and so my faith in Druidism was nipped in the bud, and I left Le Morvan an unbeliever.

That the forest contains interesting and curious relics of past ages is, however, certain. The quaint village of Carré les Tombes is so called from the numerous tombs which were found in its neighbourhood. They were of great size, and in many cases curiously sculptured. Unfortunately, however, the Count de Chatelux, to whom the *commun* belonged, could only see in them good material for restoring, or rather rebuilding, the village church. So the tombs were turned to this account, and therefore utterly lost to the antiquary. There are several very ancient châteaux in the forest, to each of which strange stories belong. In that of Lomervo lived a veritable Blue Beard, who

drowned no less than fifteen lovely girls in the lake near the châteaux, from whence they issue, spirit fashion, on moonlight nights, and walk, in long white robes, on the shores of the lonely mere. More interesting, however, is the castle of Bazoch, formerly occupied by no legendary knight. It was the property of Sebastien le Prestre de Vauban, better known as Marshal Vauban, and there rest his ashes. For, when he felt his end approaching, he requested that his body might be laid in a vault, beneath the chapel at Bazoch. This was done, but his heart is in the church of the Invalides in Paris.*

Unwilling to turn our back on Le Morvan without making acquaintance with a portion at least of its noble forest, we determined on walking as far as the village of Chamoux, eight miles from Vezelay. We set out on the day after our arrival at Vezelay. The weather, fortunately, was highly

* Vauban was born in the village of St.-Léger de Faucheret, ten miles from Avallon, in the year 1633. The humble house where he first saw the light still exists. It is occupied by a sabot-maker. Vauban was indebted to Pierre de Fontaine, Prior of St. John at Sémur, for his first knowledge of mathematics; but his great patron was Cardinal Mazarin. Voltaire pronounces him to be 'l'ami des vertus et des arts.' And Fontenelle said he was the only soldier to whom peace was as laborious as war; for, besides conducting 53 sieges, and taking part in 140 actions, he repaired 314 ancient fortifications, and constructed 33.

favourable. A short distance from the town you come on the fringe, so to speak, of the forest. This consists, for the most part, of noble beech trees, interspersed with walnut, and several chestnut trees. The latter two contribute largely to the agricultural wealth of the Le Morvan peasant. The walnuts are sent to the large towns in Burgundy, the chestnuts frequently as far as Paris. For, as the reader who knows the French capital will remember, there is an enormous consumption of this fruit by the Parisians.

By far the greater portion of chestnuts consumed in Paris is sent from Switzerland, but this supply, large as it is, does not meet the demand. The sale and roasting of chestnuts in Paris is a speciality, involving some curious details. 'Le marchand de marrons' (as he is called) belongs to a distinct class. There are 1,100 of them in Paris. They hold their stalls at the corner of streets, at the entrance of wine and other shops. For these standings they pay from 150 to 400 francs for the season of four months; very advantageous *postes* (as they are called) let for 500 francs. The average daily receipt of these *marchands de marrons* is three francs; and when from this is deducted 90 centimes, the daily cost of fuel for the

furnace, and 15 centimes that of lighting the stall at night; it can only be by strict economy that they make a living. And it is worthy of note, as illustrative of the advance in all manner of rents in Paris, that even the rent of the *marchand de marrons* for his narrow standing-place in the street has nearly doubled during the last fifteen years.

Through the outskirts of the forest the path I was recommended to take was plain enough; but within the outskirts, it forked into what appeared to be numerous paths, all leading into the forest, but then, where? The spirit of adventure was not so strong as to lead me to court being lost in the forest; so observing a cottage in a clearing at no great distance, I determined to make my steps sure before going farther. It was a humble dwelling, constructed of rough stones, for the most part uncemented, with a thatched roof showing many patches; adjoining it was a kind of barn, and around it was a vineyard of about three-quarters of an acre, but the ground was pressed into many other services besides that of growing vines. Several vegetables, including maize, were planted between the vines. A man, who turned out to be the proprietor, was at work near the cottage, but on seeing me he rested from his labour,

and bade me 'good day.' Having acquired the necessary information respecting my route, I ventured to offer my congratulations with respect to the vintage, which I observed had been good. 'Ah, oui, monsieur, grâce à Dieu, ça fait une belle vendange cette année,' and then, happy evidently in the thought of his agricultural wealth, he added—'Buvez un broc de vin, monsieur, je vous prie.' The words were accompanied by a hearty invitation to enter his cottage. I accepted his kind offer. The room into which I was ushered was evidently used for various purposes. An iron pot over a wood fire, and rows of dishes, plates, and glasses, ranged on shelves, showed that it was the kitchen; a large table surrounded by chairs was significant of its being used as a *salle à manger*, whilst huge box bedsteads, on either side of the fire-place, proved that it was also used as a bed-chamber. Under the shelves of the dresser stood a large wooden box, containing loaves, from the ceiling hung two goodly legs of pork; a bust of the first Napoleon stood above the fire-place, and immediately over it a single-barrelled gun with a flint lock. The crockery was extremely curious, with regard both to shape and design, the paintings on the different specimens

being unlike anything I had ever seen before. The greater portion of the dishes bore representations of domestic animals, so strangely fashioned that the inscription beneath, informing you what they were, was often far from being unnecessary.

Requesting me to be seated, my host went for the wine, and presently returned with a jug and a couple of wooden vessels, each holding about a quart. These were the *brocs* in common use through Burgundy and Le Morvan, glass being still rare in the houses of the small proprietors. Presently my host's wife came in, a buxom, middle-aged woman, somewhat weather-beaten in face, as was to be expected, seeing that she laboured daily out of doors. The wine, the ordinary *vin de pays*, was extremely good, greatly to be preferred, as it seemed to me, to the common beer of our country. On the spot it cost about one penny a bottle. A deep draught, preluded by friendly pledging, and clinking not of the glasses but of the *brocs*, opened our mouths; and both being curious to know something of each other, talk went briskly on. My host was, as I surmised, a small proprietor, owning, not, as I estimated, three-quarters of an acre, but 1½; and for this, it being vine land, and his dwelling, he had paid 2,000 francs. Fair

years, by which was meant a good vintage, not only made the two ends meet, but enabled my host to make a little addition to his capital. Great economy had, however, under the most favourable circumstances, to be practised; meat was rarely indulged in, vegetables, rendered appetising by the admixture of a little lard, being the usual daily food. But, although they had often to contend against adverse circumstances, 'le bon Dieu' had hitherto always extricated them from their difficulties. One blow had fallen very heavily on them. Their son, an only child, had unfortunately been drawn in the conscription; and being totally unable to raise the money necessary to procure a substitute, he was obliged to leave them. 'Previous to this event,' continued the father, 'I was well inclined to be a loyal subject to the Emperor, but now my feelings towards him have undergone a great change; so much so,' he added, speaking low, 'that I have put his bust, which used to stand there, out of sight,' and he pointed to the end of the mantelpiece opposite that on which the bust of the first Napoleon was standing.

'It may serve the Emperor's purposes,' he added, 'to go to war; but it is quite certain, war can do poor little proprietors like myself no good,

but, on the contrary, great injury.' The subject was evidently a sore one to my informer, and as it afforded no scope for argument, agreeing as I did with him, I drew him off to the more congenial subject of the animals of the forest. With these, as might be expected, he was well acquainted, having frequently, in his younger days, joined parties engaged in hunting and shooting boars, wolves, and foxes. For all these animals he entertained a deep hatred; and no wonder, as they make sad havoc with farms and agricultural produce.

During winter, when the wolf is

> Cruel as death and hungry as the grave,
> Burning for blood; bony, and gaunt, and grim—

his attacks on the farm-yards are as bold as they are frequent, and during the summer he often suffers so severely from thirst, in consequence of the want of water in the forests, that he rushes to the vineyards and assuages it by devouring great quantities of grapes. The effect of this fruit, when eaten largely, is, as I was assured, to intoxicate the wolves. The juice ferments in their stomachs, and the fumes affecting their brains, they may sometimes be seen reeling in a very unwolfish manner; at such a time they are often caught in the *traquenard*, a

powerful iron trap, from which escape is almost impossible. As this trap would be fatal to a man's leg if caught by it, it is generally only set at night; and it is customary to indicate its vicinity by hanging pieces of twine to the branches of the neighbouring trees. Many stories are told of accidents having occurred from the *traquenards*. One of the most terrible happened close to Vezelay. An unfortunate man was caught by the leg in its iron jaws, and all his strength failing to open them, his cries for help brought not fellow-men, but a pack of wolves, which devoured him; all that was found of the poor wretch being a portion of his leg bone, still fast in the trap. The flesh of the wolf is so repulsive, that even the most hungry *flotteur* in Le Morvan would not touch it. But his skin is highly esteemed by those people: with it they make coats and cloaks, and when tanned it is said to furnish excellent leather. The small drums used at village dances are covered with wolf-skin. There is a song in Le Morvan, alluding to this, the first verse of which runs:

Hail to the wolf-skin drum,
Ye maids and young men all;
Hail to the wolf-skin drum,
And come to the village ball.

Wild boars, sows and foxes are also partial to the grape, and thus, when the vintage draws near, the owners of vineyards outside the forest have a bad time of it, to keep these rapacious quadrupeds at a distance. It is remarkable how many animals agree with man in liking the fruit of the vine. It will probably, however, be as new to the reader as it was to the writer to know that the domestic fowl is amongst the number. But in this case some compensation is given to the vine proprietor; for not only are grape-eating fowls more abundant egg-layers than those deficient of this diet, but their eggs are superior in quality to eggs in general.

Dumas the elder, in his entertaining 'Histoire de mes Bêtes,' confirms this. Being at St. Bris, in Burgundy, he was greatly struck by the magnificent fowls belonging to a gentleman in that town. On enquiry, he found that their fine condition was due to their being allowed to eat grapes, of which they were very fond. 'The success of fruit diet,' he adds, 'avait dépassé l'espérance de Monsieur Charpillon [their owner] lui-même. On m'avait servi, à mon déjeûner, des œufs, couleur nankine, dont j'avais, avec la délicatesse d'un véritable gourmet, apprécié les qualités supérieures.' And

this being the opinion of the author of 'Monte Cristo,' you may be sure that eggs laid by fowls fed on grapes are a delicacy. *Mais revenons à nos loups.* It is during winter that war without quarter is waged against them. At that period the charcoal-burners and *flotteurs*, being frequently without employ, join the farmers, and, armed with all kinds of weapons, including very primitive fire-arms, they go forth in companies, avowedly to destroy wolves; but, as may be supposed, boars, deer, hares and rabbits are not allowed to escape if they come within their reach. But the great game of Le Morvan is the boar, with his sow scarcely less savage than himself. These animals thrive well in the vast forests in this part of France, but, not satisfied with forest fare, they frequently make raids on the farms within the forest; wrecking in a few hours the hopes of abundant crops. To slay these grisly monsters becomes a positive duty, and thus all classes unite in hunting them. So important, indeed, is it to keep down their numbers, that the Government authorities occasionally permit the *détenus* in the great reformatory for juvenile felons at Clairvaux to assist as *traqueurs* when boar-hunts on an extensive scale are organised.

These lads, to whom the work is pastime, are provided with two short pieces of wood, one of which is notched; these rubbed sharply together produce a loud noise, resembling the word 'creke,' which alarms and rouses the boars. Great danger attends these boar-hunts, for, as is well known, when an old unwounded boar turns on his assailants, unless he be soon put *hors de combat* by a well-directed ball, he will often commit sad havoc among dogs as well as men. There is a well-authenticated story of a fierce old boar in Le Morvan having killed eighteen boarhounds, out of a pack of twenty-four, before he was laid low, and every year hunters or peasants are either killed or wounded by them. In Jacques du Fouilloux's curious old work on field sports in France, the forty-sixth chapter is devoted to hunting the boar. He recommends that only very powerful dogs should be used for the sport—'Ceux seulement qui sont forts et ont grand sentiment de leur beste;' and he adds that he saw a boar which, pursued by fifty dogs (not sufficiently large for their work), suddenly turned on them, killed seven, and wounded thirty-three. It is curious that the burning power of a boar's tusks, when the animal is savage, is believed in by

the peasants in Le Morvan, as well as in some parts of Germany. The boars of Le Morvan are renowned for their great size and ferocity. Several weigh as much as 350 pounds. These are not prized for the *cuisine*. But the risk attending boar-hunting makes it more attractive to the keen sportsman, and in these fast-life days, when men consider fox-hunting slow, they would do well to visit Le Morvan, where they will probably meet with sufficient excitement to quicken their pulse. To stand firm within a few feet of an enraged boar, when he is about to give his *coup de boutoir*, assuredly requires pluck and strong nerves.

When taking note of the denizens of this vast forest, the squirrels must not be forgotten. Troops of these animals gambol among the trees in summer-time. Sportsmen happily appear to consider them unworthy of being bagged, though a gipsy will tell you a more delicate or more delicious *morceau* does not exist than a squirrel properly roasted; and so it should be, when we consider that this elegant animal is one of the most dainty feeders, living principally on nuts, tender young buds and shoots. Though squirrels are numerous in Le Morvan, it is by no means easy to see them in summer-time, as the old parents are very watchful

over their young, which are not born until June. Baby squirrels are attended upon most assiduously by both parents, and remain with them until the following spring, when they are turned off to provide for themselves.

The nests of the Le Morvan squirrel, which greatly resemble birds' nests, and are, like the latter, placed high up in the forks of trees, are called 'cages,' the name locally given to them in the New Forest. Although seldom shot, the squirrels of Le Morvan often lead uneasy lives in consequence of their being hunted by boys, who frequently knock them down with stones. Some, too, make use of a stick heavily weighted at one end, which they throw with great dexterity. This weapon bears considerable resemblance to the 'bolt,' as it is called in the New Forest, made expressly for killing squirrels. It consists of a stick of hard wood, about three feet long, to one end of which lead is attached. Thus armed, the stick or bolt can be thrown long distances with great force; and so accurate is the aim of some of the squirrel-hunters in the New Forest, that half-a-dozen men provided with these weapons will kill a hundred squirrels in a few hours. We remember seeing a lad, son of one of the foresters, kill with a bolt

a couple of these animals which were at least sixty feet from him.

It will be seen that my informant was no ordinary man. My request to be put on the right path had led to a pleasant and instructive hour's talk, which I would willingly have prolonged, had the time at my disposal permitted. I had made the acquaintance of a most favourable specimen of the *petit propriétaire*. My friend, if I may so call him, seemed to realise Goldsmith's vision of that period when every rood of land in England shall maintain its man. And it is, perhaps, from a knowledge of such *petits propriétaires* as my friend in question, that some English philanthropists are desirous to see a similar class of men in our country. But, although it is certainly to be deplored that in many parishes in England the labourer considers himself *ascriptus glebæ*, and is indeed little better than a mere serf, could he be raised and given a small plot of ground, he would find it very costly, and almost certainly fail even to subsist upon it. The English peasant does not, unfortunately, possess that thrift which distinguishes his French brother. To save, be it ever so little, is a characteristic feature of the latter. Look, when a French national loan is in the market,

how desirous the peasants are to be lenders. The amount of money hoarded by the *petits propriétaires* of France is enormous; and when we reflect that it consists of extremely small savings, often made with great self-denial, we must admit that the class in question possess a remarkable love of independence. With this disposition, the *petit propriétaire* of France, though probably a much more hard-working man than the English labourer, is, I sincerely believe, happier as a rule than the latter. And, on the principle that a system that has long worked smoothly cannot be very wrong, the *morcellement* of land in France, which has called forth severe censure from eminent political economists in our country, must be conducive to the well-being of French peasants. It is a great mistake to suppose that this subdivision dates only from the Great Revolution. Léon Faucher shows, in his admirable and exhaustive work on the state of property in France, that the *morcellement* began long before the Revolution; and so congenial is the system to the French peasant of the present day, that plots of land are eagerly purchased the moment they are in the market.

Just on the skirts of the forest I met a *chasseur* accompanied by a pointer dog. He was in search

of red-legged partridges, which are, he stated, pretty abundant in this part of Burgundy. But the condition of his havresack, coupled with the fact that he had been out since early morning, was not in keeping with his statement. He may, however, have been one of those sportsmen who, missing many more birds than they hit, are humorously styled by the French 'members of the society for the protection of animals.' And what I saw of the performance of the *chasseur* tended rather to the conclusion that he would not cut a good figure at a pigeon-match.

While walking with him, his dog made a point, on which the *chasseur*, dropping on his knees, crept up very cautiously to the animal, in order, as he told me afterwards, to get as near to the birds as possible when they rose. He succeeded in this; but although the partridges, five in number, got up close to him, two shots fired at them did not touch a feather.

This stalking process brought to mind A. Dumas's account of his shooting performances, related in the 'Histoire de mes Bêtes.' Having thoroughly studied the habits of an old and steady pointer, he observed that the line of his nose pointed, as a rule, to the centre of the covey when

the dog was setting. 'Accordingly,' says the great author, 'I came to the conclusion that, by firing in the direction of that ideal line, *j'enverrais mon coup de fusil probablement au milieu d'une bande de perdrix. Alors je m'agenouillai, et dans la direction de Pompée* [the dog] *je láchai mon coup de fusil. Deux perdrix firent la culbute, montrant leur ventre blanc.*' After this account, 'Punch' can scarcely be blamed for being severe on French sportsmen.

Wishing better luck to the chasseur, I now entered the forest, which soon seemed to close behind me.

CHAPTER XV.

RELIGION IN BURGUNDY.

English Clergy—Interesting Question—Sweet Music—'Pas si bête que ça'—Priest and Pasteur—Scepticism—Dr. Johnson—Mariolatry—Sermons of the Thirteenth Century—Napoleon I.—La Salette—Handbills—Selling off—A Mere Cipher.

In no particular does a comparison between English and French life present a greater contrast than in that of religion. By religion is not meant belief in any particular creed, but attendance on religious worship, and any account of life in Burgundy would be incomplete if this important feature were unnoticed. The effects of a zealous ministry on the intellects and conduct of the people committed to their charge can scarcely be over-estimated. The diffusion of light and knowledge through this kingdom, by the exertions of the clergy, from the time of Edward VI. to the Restoration, was as wonderful as it was praiseworthy, and may be justly placed among the most remarkable features in history; at the same

time, there is no doubt that a man may be, and often is, deeply religious, without being indebted to priests or temples for it. An hour passed in sincere and earnest prayer, in the solitude of his chamber, will to many a one possess more efficacy than days spent in public worship.

Thus, when giving some account of what I saw in Burgundy, far be it from me to imply that, because public worship is neglected, the people are therefore irreligious. At the same time, the falling off in attendance on public worship in France is most remarkable. Why this should be the case is one of the most interesting religious questions of the day. Coleridge, who was a man of deep religious feeling, said, 'If an inscription be put upon my tomb, let it be that I was an enthusiastic lover of the Church;' for, he adds, 'you may depend upon it, religion is in its essence the most gentlemanly thing in the world. It will alone gentilize, if unmixed with cant, and I know nothing else that will alone.'

All who have resided in Paris know that the men of that city, and especially those who set the general tone of opinion, are, as a rule, severed from, if not actually hostile to, the Church. If any one

doubt this, let him go early on Sunday morning to the churches of La Madeleine or St.-Roche, remain there until high mass, and note the proportion between the men and women who have attended the various services. The difference in this respect between congregations which assemble every Sunday morning in St. James's or other West-end churches of our metropolis is most remarkable, and equally remarkable is the contrast between the devotion exhibited by the few men attending Roman Catholic worship and those frequenting English churches.

The Emperor's brief attendance in his Palace Chapel is always accompanied by sweet music; and if a Parisian church be full of men, be sure that the attraction is music, or some eloquent preacher.

But it may be thought that the French country gentleman, or rather the French gentleman who leaves provincial towns in the summer to dwell in the country (for the country gentleman, as understood by us, can scarcely be said to exist in France), pays so much respect to the religion he professes as to at least attend his parish church. Not so; as a rule, he does not attend public worship.

The curé is not his friend; nay, more, he is frequently unacquainted with his very name.

Whilst the bells are sending their solemn melody across the quiet fields, the spectacle of a family with its guests going, as in England, to the parish church on Sunday morning, is not to be seen in the country parts of France. Over and over again, when residing in the châteaux of friends in Burgundy, my question on Sunday morning, whether the family purposed attending mass in the village church, has been met by expressions of surprise, if not of absolute astonishment,—'Pas si bête que ça.' And when I have announced my intention of going to the church, I have been looked upon as little better than a *fou*.

It is impossible to live with people who are your friends and not take note of such things. On no single occasion when the châteaux were thrown open, so to speak, to all comers, have I seen a vicaire, curé, or any ecclesiastic; and when intimate acquaintance with the family emboldened me to ask whether the curé was ever included in these widespread hospitalities, I have received such an answer as to leave no doubt that he was neither invited nor was his presence desired. How different is the social status of the clergyman in

England, where even a croquet party appears incomplete without the presence of the curate! The difference between the education of the Roman Catholic priest and the pasteur of the Reformed Church of France is most remarkable. Whereas no pasteur can enter the service of the Protestant churches (Reformed or Lutheran) without passing through the colleges of Montauban or Strasbourg, a young Romanist can become a priest—nay, even an archbishop or cardinal—without ever having set foot in a Faculté de Théologie. All his education is carried out from first to last in seminaries practically independent of the State, and under the immediate control of the bishop. No government inspector has access to these seminaries; thus youths belonging to the humblest classes become curés and vicaires, no university degree of any sort being necessary.*

A great gulf divides the French gentleman from his priest. True, at the hour of death the latter may be found in his chamber, but, as a rule, he gives him no consolation during his life. M. Dupin's observation that L'Institut de Loyola 'est

* See a very interesting paper on the education of the French Protestant clergy, by the Pasteur Wheatcroft, in the *Con. Rev.* for September 1868.

une épée dont la poignée est à Rome et dont la pointe est partout,' may be, and probably is, true as regards the working of that wonderful institution; but hitherto it has only produced the result of making the Gallican Church anti-Gallican and Ultramontane, and Frenchmen sadly irreligious and sceptical. The effect of this on their character is very apparent, for scepticism is almost always accompanied by an undue share of self-confidence and self-esteem, which are certainly among the least sociable and pleasant of human qualities.

It may well be asked what is to be the future of a Church thus alienated from the upper and middle classes of the nation.

The whole educated and masculine mind of France is at enmity with her national Church, and what is even worse is the rapid increase of scepticism, which bids fair to assume the most fearful complexion. There is, as is well known, a wave of unbelief sweeping over this country, but happily we are yet far from regarding our Protestant clergymen as persons to be shunned, or the churches wherein they preach as never to be entered. Dr. Johnson's religion may have differed in many details from that of the rector of St. Clement-le-Danes, but this did not

prevent him attending that church regularly for many years. 'His behaviour,' says his biographer, 'was always extremely devout, and I never shall forget the tremulous earnestness with which he pronounced the awful petition in the Litany—"In the hour of death, and in the day of judgment, good Lord, deliver us."'

To what, then, are we to attribute the fact that while the temples of God—grand, capacious, majestic even—abound in France, the worshippers attending them are confined to the labouring classes and to women?

It is, we know, quite possible to wear a hair shirt next one's skin and yet have much unkindness in one's heart, and a man may be a regular worshipper in the house of God and yet be far from pure and good; but when we find a very large and rapidly increasing class, representing the intellect of the country, not only turning their backs on their national Church, but speaking of its priests in a most contemptuous manner, we must come to the conclusion that there is something wrong and rotten in this state of things. It was not always so in France, and we shall find sufficient causes to account for the low estimate at which Frenchmen hold their church. These are, her melancholy

subserviency to papacy, her adoption of the Roman in place of the ancient liturgy, and, above all, her mariolatry, and the monstrous doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. For, is this language too strong when we are told that the dying words of the Abbé Desgenelles were, 'La dévotion au saint et immaculé cœur de Marie est le principe et le centre de toute dévotion?' The episcopate of France appears, indeed, to have lost all that spirit of independence which was manifested by their predecessors, when, with Bossuet at their head, they boldly fought for the freedom of their own communion. At that period the churches of France were attended by many worshippers; now, men of thought are repulsed from them. But, long before Bossuet's time, the Gallican Church drew worshippers within its gates, who listened reverently to the preaching of her ministers. In the Dijon library exist great numbers of sermons in Latin and French, mostly MS., of the middle ages, principally of the thirteenth century. The 'Histoire littéraire de France' notices at considerable length the 'innombrable amas de sermons latins et français dont les anciennes bibliothèques en France sont encombrées,' and adds, that an examination of them would probably repay the

historian. This work has been done by M. de la Marche, who, in a book, published last year (1868), entitled, 'La Chaire française au moyen âge,' gives an account of these MSS., by which it appears that preaching in the thirteenth century was a very important religious function, and was made, as it should be, a vehicle of popular teaching. It further appears, by M. de la Marche's book, that there were no less than 261 famous preachers in France in the thirteenth century, of whom only three were curés, the others being for the most part Dominicans and Franciscans, who, having a gift for preaching, were trained to practise this special branch of religious teaching, and went about delivering sermons in Latin and in French, according to occasions and audiences. It also further appears, from M. de la Marche's examination of many thousand sermons preached at the above period, that the religious instruction they contained was applied to common, everyday life, in a very direct, plain-spoken manner, and driven home without mercy. Not only grave crimes, but venial offences against morality, were inveighed against, in language which must have astonished the hearers. French vanities, rampant then as now, were constantly attacked, and immorality scourged

in a manner which could scarcely fail to make the ears of those who sinned tingle. Whatever these curious sermons of the mediæval age may have been deficient in, they had, at least, the quality of boldness, and the sermons *ad status*, or those addressed to particular classes, contained words which must have bitten like vitriol into the minds of offending and repentant hearers.

Napoleon I. extended even to parish sermons that wonderful ubiquity of attention which he managed to give to everything: 'Faites connaître mon mécontentement à M. Robert, prêtre de Bourges; il a fait un très-mauvais sermon au quinze août' (Reports of sermons sent to him).

During our residence in Burgundy we had considerable opportunity of judging of the feelings entertained by the gentlemen* of that extensive province towards their national Church. They are unmistakably antagonistic to her. Whilst her bishops and priests are but tools in the hands of the Vatican, whilst the Virgin is usurping the place of our Redeemer, and miserable superstitions like that of La Salette are permitted to degrade the Church,* the French gentleman, as a rule, will not worship within her walls.

* All the priests who exposed this and other impostures have been

The want of reverence in France for the house of God is another very painful feature. As I was leaving the cathedral of Dijon one Sunday after high-mass, I saw two men within the porch distributing handbills. Conceiving they related to some religious matter, I took one of them—it announced that a silk and linen draper in the town was selling that day (Sunday) his stock at a great sacrifice. Formerly a show, at least, of reverence was observed in church during Divine service; now, even in the metropolitan cathedral, crowds are allowed to walk about without being called to order by the *suisse*.

That such a state of things can continue much longer is extremely doubtful. With all the apparent scoffing at religion which exists among some French gentlemen, there is a yearning felt by many to enter the house of God; and it is the writer's conviction, that if the Gallican Church were to cast off the terrible influence of the papacy, and at the same time cleanse herself from the superstitions which debase her, she would draw within her fold thousands and tens of thousands

more or less persecuted; many have been interdicted—and how miserable is the condition in France of a 'prêtre interdit' is now well known.

of persons who are now wanderers in spiritual darkness.

I cannot close my remarks on this subject without expressing my astonishment that, with a knowledge of these things, an English clergyman can embrace the Roman Catholic faith; and I must add my belief, that it is the not unnatural dislike on the part of an Englishman to become a mere cipher which causes many Ritualists to hesitate passing the Rubicon.

CHAPTER XVI.

EDUCATION AND DOMESTIC LIFE.

Tabula Rasa—Jesuit Schools—Young France—Flogging—Léon de Montfort and his Masters—Imprisonment—Fighting—Overwork—'Pépinière'—Happiness of Middle Classes—Contentment—Treatment of Girls.

From the period of the French Revolution, which destroyed all privileges and monopolies, and made of what is called constituted society one vast *tabula rasa*, education was to be the base of everything. No man was to be exalted in social rank except by individual capacity. Knowledge was to be all in all. At the present day, however, education in France is extremely defective. Schools directed by Jesuit Fathers are preferred to the State schools; but in their establishments the only instruction given consists of a little Latin and Greek, together with history, wonderfully adulterated; English and German are generally ignored. The preference shown for the teaching

of the followers of Loyola does not arise from any defect in the system of training pursued in the Lycées, or State schools. But the excellent education provided by the Imperial Government seems thrown away upon young France; for, the moment a French lad issues from the gates of one of these schools for the last time, he bids farewell to all further mental education of an improving nature. A French youth has, as a rule, no taste for the classics of his language; he prefers Dumas and Balzac to Racine and Molière. Sitting next to an elderly French gentleman in the Théâtre Français, when a comedy of the latter was being performed, I expressed the pleasure that the excellent acting of the famous play afforded me. 'Oui, monsieur,' replied my neighbour, 'c'est une véritable jouissance;' 'and is it not extraordinary,' he added, 'that such a treat as this should not be better appreciated than it is by the young Parisian?' 'I am an *habitué* of the theatre,' he continued, 'rarely missing a night when plays by Racine or Molière are performed, but you will seldom see young men here—they prefer Offenbach and Schneider, and take greater interest in the acting of this *dame d'une réputation* than in the best play that Molière has written.'

The 'France' of the present day says, that all young Paris goes to see a couple of hundred nude bepainted *figurantes* with false calves, and reads books filled with pestilent stuff, fit only to be carted into a literary dungheap. He buys pictures, and especially photographs, which never should have been allowed to see the light.

To return to the subject of education. It certainly seems strange, that among the first laws arising from the Great Revolution was one abolishing the system of flogging in the schools of France. And, although Frenchmen of the present day are far from approving all the deeds of that bloody period, they hold that to whip discipline into their sons is both cruel and wrong.

Very recently all Bordeaux was in commotion because a schoolboy had been flogged by his Jesuit master; but, when the story was inquired into, it was found that the boy in question, Léon de Montfort, 'âgé de treize ans et demi,' having committed 'une faute grave,' which appears to have weighed heavily on his youthful mind, had actually requested his master to flog him. Such a confession may well have astonished the Court, the president of which is reported to have said, 'Mon enfant, si ce que vous dites là est vrai, il

faut avouer que vous êtes l'écolier le plus extraordinaire, le plus singulier, le plus excentrique, non-seulement de Bordeaux, mais encore peut-être du monde entier. Comment, c'est vous qui demandez à votre maître de vous administrer le fouet?' To which the boy replied, 'Oui, monsieur.'

To further questions after the manner of French justices, young Léon de Montfort states that the whipping had done him no physical injury, and considerable mental good; but this statement had no effect on the Court. Father La Judie, who had authorised the flogging, and Father Commine, who had carried it into execution, were doomed to ten days' imprisonment and a fine of 300 francs. It is right, however, to state, that the reverend pères, who seem to be of opinion that young France is all the better for occasional whipping, had flogged another boy in the establishment who really deserved the punishment.

But, although no flogging is allowed at the Lycées, imprisonment being substituted, the offender is sometimes confined in a garret at the top of the house. Fighting is, of course, not allowed, though this good old schoolboy mode of settling a quarrel arising out of ill blood is pro-

bably far better than allowing bad feeling to be fostered between the disputants. Boys educated at the Lycées are generally overworked, and are constantly kept under strict supervision. Besides these academies, there is the École Normale of France, which is described as the *pépinière* of professors, which gives the very best gratuitous instruction to 110 young men from 18 to 28 years of age. The youths are admitted to this school by competition.

It is only by seeing the inner life of French families that we can become aware of the general happiness which, as a rule, exists among our neighbours. I allude more especially to the middle classes, with whom and our own considerable experience enables me to institute a comparison. There may not be, and doubtless are not, to the untravelled Englishman, those *agréments* to be found in a French château which make the English country-house so proverbially comfortable; but, if these be wanting, it has always appeared to me that life is less artificial with them than it is with us, and that, with equal innocence, more true enjoyment is to be seen amongst families of the middle classes in France than among our own. The foolish and often

insane attempt, so prevalent, unfortunately, with our countrymen, to ape their betters, is rarely seen in France. Contentment with their lot seems to be very general; and, if it is a feature of the French character to be amused with what we should perhaps call trifles, this custom has, at least, the advantage of occupying time harmlessly. It is impossible, of course, to be the guest of a French family, where there are daughters, without being struck by the great contrast between their life and that of English girls. This contrast appeared to me now to be more striking than ever, and this is the case; for, while the French girl has been, so to speak, standing still, her life before marriage running in the same narrow domestic groove, our English girls have been accorded more liberty, of which they have not been slow to take advantage, with what result, in many cases, is well known. Thus encouraged to indulge in amusements of the most exciting nature, a quiet home becomes a bore, and their young life is spent in frivolities which are sorry preparations for the years when they hope to be matrons. There is, doubtless, much to be said against the French system of marrying girls to men whose characters they have little or no opportunity of studying;

but, although continental marriages are not, as a rule, the result of mutual love, it is certain that in France a maidenhood of glittering but unreal splendour is rarely, if ever, succeeded by a wifehood of disappointment and unhappiness.

CHAPTER XVII.

TRUFFLES.

These Fungi Scarce and Dear—Count de Courchamps—Sauces—Bec-figues—Napoleon's Instructions to a Diplomatist—Salt.

BUT what is that man about, following and eagerly watching the motions of a couple of small dogs, which run in and between the trunks of the small oak-trees? Going up to him, we find that the dogs are truffle-hunting, and that this curious and mysterious fungus is found at the foot of these oaks. But, according to Brillat-Savarin—and we must allow that he was a judge in such matters—the truffle of Burgundy is by no means first-rate. The best truffles in France are found in Provence. But, unhappily for gastronomists, these Provence truffles are scarce, and consequently extremely dear; so much so, indeed, that only those who have very long purses can indulge in them. Thus, the Burgundy truffles are in request; but though of an inferior quality, they

are by no means abundant, and while the supply has not increased, the demand is yearly greater. Russian gastronomists now consume considerable quantities of truffles, and are willing to pay high prices for them. In France they were, a few years ago, 23 francs a pound. Indeed, the demand for this fungus has long been so great as to have led many persons to endeavour to cultivate it—hitherto, however, with but little success. Sowing scrapings of truffles in good truffle ground has occasionally succeeded, but this method is by no means sure. Efforts are still being made to solve this problem, and it may be safely predicted, that whoever discovers a certain way of propagating truffles will, in all probability, become both famous and rich, particularly if more such *bons-vivants* arise as the Count de Courchamps, author of 'Souvenirs de la Marquise de Créquy,' and dinner-friend of Brillat-Savarin—an epicure of the first water. It is related of him that he frequented the Café des Frères Provençaux, then reputed to have the finest cellar in Paris, and that his wines were almost entirely confined to burgundies, famous vintages of which were especially reserved for him. The Count always sat at a table set apart for his own use, had bread especially baked for him

daily, and carried his own sauce in his pocket. Although the saying that 'England has many religions, but only one fish sauce,' is not strictly true, yet it must be owned that our neighbours beat us in this department. In the part of France of which I am now writing, carp boiled in choice burgundy, and lobsters cooked in champagne, are two very favourite *plats*. A dainty dish in the Beaune district is composed of *bec-figues*. These birds, common in that portion of the Côte d'Or, are known by the name of *vinette*: it is the general belief that their enormously fat condition is due to grapes, of which they are supposed to be very fond; but, according to some authorities, this is not the case, the *bec-figue* being more partial to the seeds of the *Mercurialis perennis*, or 'Dogs' Mercury' (which is very abundant in vineyards), than to the grape.

'Tenez bonne table, et soignez les femmes,' is said to have been the sum of Napoleon's instructions to the Abbé de Pradt, when sent on the important diplomatic mission to gain over Poland to his cause. Although with no such object in view, my experience of Burgundian hospitality enables me to say that his injunctions are strictly carried out in that province. *Apropos* of the

table, it may be well to observe here, that the tax put upon salt to pay the ransom of England's royal captive, John II. of France, has never been taken off that condiment, and this accounts at the present day for its high price.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FRANCHE COMTÉ.

Former Boundaries of Burgundy and Franche Comté—Difference between their Inhabitants—Characteristics of the Dukes of Burgundy—Charles the Bold's Opinion of his Duchy.

FEW PROVINCES are so rich as Burgundy in the traces and memorials of an illustrious past. In the fifth century the Burgundians were a people of uncertain origin, but supposed to have been a branch of the great Teutonic race which forced their way across the Rhine and Alps, and founded a semi-barbarous kingdom on the ruins of the Roman Empire. At the period of its greatest renown, Burgundy comprised the entire country between the Vosges and the Mediterranean, the Piedmontese Alps and the Vivarais. Franche Comté (free country of Burgundy) was the original seat of Burgundian power in Gaul, and the nucleus of that kingdom. After a long separation from the Duchy of Burgundy, it became again

subject to the same rule in the early part of the fourteenth century. It was a fief, not of France, but of the Empire. On the death of Philippe de Rouvres, it passed to his widow, Margaret of Flanders, and formed part of the magnificent dowry which that Princess brought to her second husband, Philip of Burgundy, youngest son of King John II. of France. Franche Comté is bordered by the Duchy on the west, and on the east and south by Switzerland; it presents a gradually-ascending surface, that reaches its highest point in the summits of the Jura; on the lower slopes maize and vines flourish, the upper consist of woods and pasture lands. The traveller in this district will find Alpine scenery, wanting only the glaciers. The inhabitants are of a more sedate and reserved disposition than those of Burgundy proper. The peasantry live in great prosperity on their small holdings; they are also an intellectual people, and spend much of their time in reading. A French historian, writing of Franche Comté, says, 'It is to Burgundy what reason is to the imagination.' No other part of France sends so many youths to the École Polytechnique. Burgundy was always celebrated for the number and fame of its literary men—due to the learning of the Bene-

dictines. Voltaire regarded Dijon as the second literary city in France. It cannot, however, be said of their stalwart Dukes that they were famed for their pursuit of letters. Ambition, love of pomp and military glory were for the most part their leading characteristics; and right well did they know the art of heightening the dignity of those in authority, by surrounding them with every available manifestation of pomp and magnificence, as we learn from a curious work, entitled, 'Les Honneurs de la Cour,'* which gives a graphic and evidently truthful account of the even more than regal state maintained by the Court of the Princes of the House of Burgundy. Foremost in the rank of their Dukes stands the figure of Charles the Bold; and we picture him holding in his iron grasp 'his own loved cousin,' as he was wont, though in contempt, to designate Louis XI. of France, while, almost in the same breath that he entitled him his 'loved cousin,' would he unscrupulously apply to him his favourite oath, and send him in common with all his enemies 'à tous

* By Alienor de Poitiers, whose mother was maid of honour to the Duchess Isabella, third wife of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy.

les cent mille diables d'enfer.' But even this rough warrior had, it seems, a gentler side to his nature. It is recorded of him, that he so loved his country, that he said of it, 'N'ay autre paradis en mon imagination que celuy-là.'

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